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A MEMORY.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE

I know a fair young girl,
 With a spirit wild and free
As the birds that flit o'er the dimpling wave,
 Then away to the wildwood flee ;
And she seems like a wreath of mist
 As she moves through the summer bowers,
With a step too floatingly soft to break
 The sleep of the dreaming flowers.

Her eye is bright and clear
 As the depths of a shaded spring,
And beauty's name on her brow is set—
 On her cheek its signet-ring ;
And her voice is like the sound
 Of a wave through the twilight leaves,
Or a Peri's tones from a moonlight cloud
 In the hush of the summer eves.

Along her temples pale
 The blue veins seem to flow,
In their winding course, half seen, half hid,
 Like streams in a field of snow ;
And her shining tresses there
 Their beautiful light unfold,
Like a painted cloud where the sunset lifts
 Its shadowy wings of gold.

To me each thought of her
 Is a gleam of light and love,
A gentle dream sent down to earth
 From the holy depths above ;
'Tis a blessed sunbeam cast
 On affliction's cloud of tears,
A star o'er the waste of a weary heart,
 A bow on the sky of years

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THE LOST TREASURE;

OR,

THE CHAMPION OF CASTILE.

A TALE OF SPAIN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR

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CHAPTER XVIII.

TORTURE.

Although the night was lengthening far towards morning, still Alfonzo of Castile resolved that he would have the testimony of the assassins ere he slept. He meant to know how and why the prince had been stricken. He was greatly excited, and while some preparations were being made, for which he had given orders to some of the guard, paced up and down the court-room with quick, nervous strides. His hands were clasped, and his brow wore a threatening frown. If the sternness of his face relaxed for a moment it was when his eye rested upon the youthful champion.

This court-room was below the great hall of audience, and was reached by two ways—by stairs from above, and by stairs from the vaults below. There were a number of ante-rooms, but they only communicated with this apartment. The walls were unadorned, save in one place above the seat of the royal judge, where an iron arm reached out from the face of the hewn stone, holding within its unyielding grasp a heavy, gleaming sword. It was a fit emblem of the stern justice of the times! The walls, the floor, and the vaulted ceiling were of stone, without a window to relieve their dark, threatening monotony. There was but one seat in the place, and that was for the king. It was raised only one step from the floor, with a table, or desk, before it, upon which were a rough wooden cross and a sword. A single lamp, which hung from the center of the arched ceiling, with a huge, torch-like wick, cast a fitful, deathly glare over the chamber, giving to all objects the appearance of fantastic motion.

By-and-by a soldier entered, and announced that the preparations were all made. The king took his seat, and the expression of his face had settled to a cast of iron will and determination. Sir Rinaldo de Pedrosa, with the noble captains, Rodrigo de Padillo and Carlos d'Arrelano, stood upon his left hand, while Gomez and six of the guardsmen were upon his right.

"Now bring forth the publican, Miguel Martello!" ordered Alfonso.

"Sire," interposed de Pedrosa, "I think you will find that huge fellow, Bernardo, the most easily worked upon. Martello may be more stubborn."

"No.—Let the publican be brought!" rejoined Alfonso, sternly. "If he is stubborn unto death, then let him have the benefit of his will. Bring him in."

Two of the soldiers passed out into a low, arched way, from whence they descended to the strong dungeons beneath. When they returned they led the dark publican with them. His arms were bound, and that was all. He cast a defiant look about him, seeming to intimate by his bearing that he could be as firm as could his royal judge.

"Miguel Martello," spoke the king, in a very low, deep tone, "it was you who struck the prince?"

"Sire," the villain answered, with a cool assurance, "promise me my life, and I will tell you all."

"The king of Castile commands!" said Alfonso, curbing his passion. "He does not compound with villains. Now answer me: Did you strike the prince?"

"Look ye," cried Miguel, without any show of fear,—"I must die if I tell you yes; and I must die as it is if you give me not assurance of my life. So I have nothing to save or gain by opening my mouth without the promise I seek."

"There are many ways of dying, Master Miguel, as you shall find," responded the monarch.

As he spoke he waved his hand towards the soldiers, and four of them moved towards a wide door, which opened into one of the larger ante-rooms. They passed in, and in a few moments more returned, pushing before them a huge iron chair. It was a strange-looking machine—the base being an iron box, some four feet square by three in hight, while from the center of this arose a smaller box which seemed fashioned for a seat. It had a high back, and was guarded by raised arms upon either side, said back and arms being formed of connected plates, so arranged that a hollow chamber was formed between them which connected with the interior of the base. It was all of iron, and looked grim and mysterious.

"You may give him a seat," said the king, in a quiet tone.

The assassin cast a quick, apprehensive glance upon the strange thing, and a perceptible shudder ran through his frame. He knew not yet the peculiar properties of the huge seat, but the prospect was not very promising of comfort. He made no resistance, for he knew 'twould be useless. As soon as he was seated an iron bar was snapped into its place across his ankles; another across his knees; a third across his thighs; a fourth upon his breast; and a fifth across his throat. He was firmly secured now, though he could move his body slightly upon either side. When this had been done, an aperture was opened in the top of the iron back, and then a small door was thrown open at the bottom of the larger box, or base. A sharp, crackling sound followed, like the burning of charcoal, and soon a tiny curl of smoke was seen to issue from the vent at the top. The crackling grew louder—a red glare flashed forth from the open door, and bright sparks ever and anon snapped out upon the stone floor. Surely the huge monster had a heart of fire!

For some minutes not a word was spoken, nor did a sound break upon the air, save the sharp crackling of the glowing fire. Finally, Martello moved uneasily in his place, as though he would raise himself from the seat; but that was more than he could do. He seemed to realize the full force of his position, for he settled down with a stubborn expression, and gazed savagely into the face of the king. But ere many minutes his countenance began to change. The stubborn look now gradually melted into one of pain, and the compressed lips were opened to give vent to a stifled groan. Again he composed himself as before, but it was only for a moment. A fierce convulsion shook his frame, and, as the last vestige of courage disappeared from his bronzed features, a wild howl of agony burst from his lips. The smoke from his scorching garments was curling up about his head, and all present knew that his flesh was blistering. In a few moments more the iron seat would be red hot.

"Kill me at once!" he cried. "Don't roast me thus. You'll gain nothing by it."

But Alfonso spoke not a word. He only gazed fixedly into the villain's face, and waited for further developments. And he had not to wait long. Even Miguel Martello broke down beneath the exquisite torture of that Tartarian engine. The horrible pains of a thousand fearful deaths seemed convulsing his frame, and finally he held but one idea—and that was, release from the infernal torments that were upon him.

"Let me out, and I'll tell you all!" he shrieked, struggling powerfully.

"Do you swear?" asked the king.

"Yes. I'll tell you all I know!"

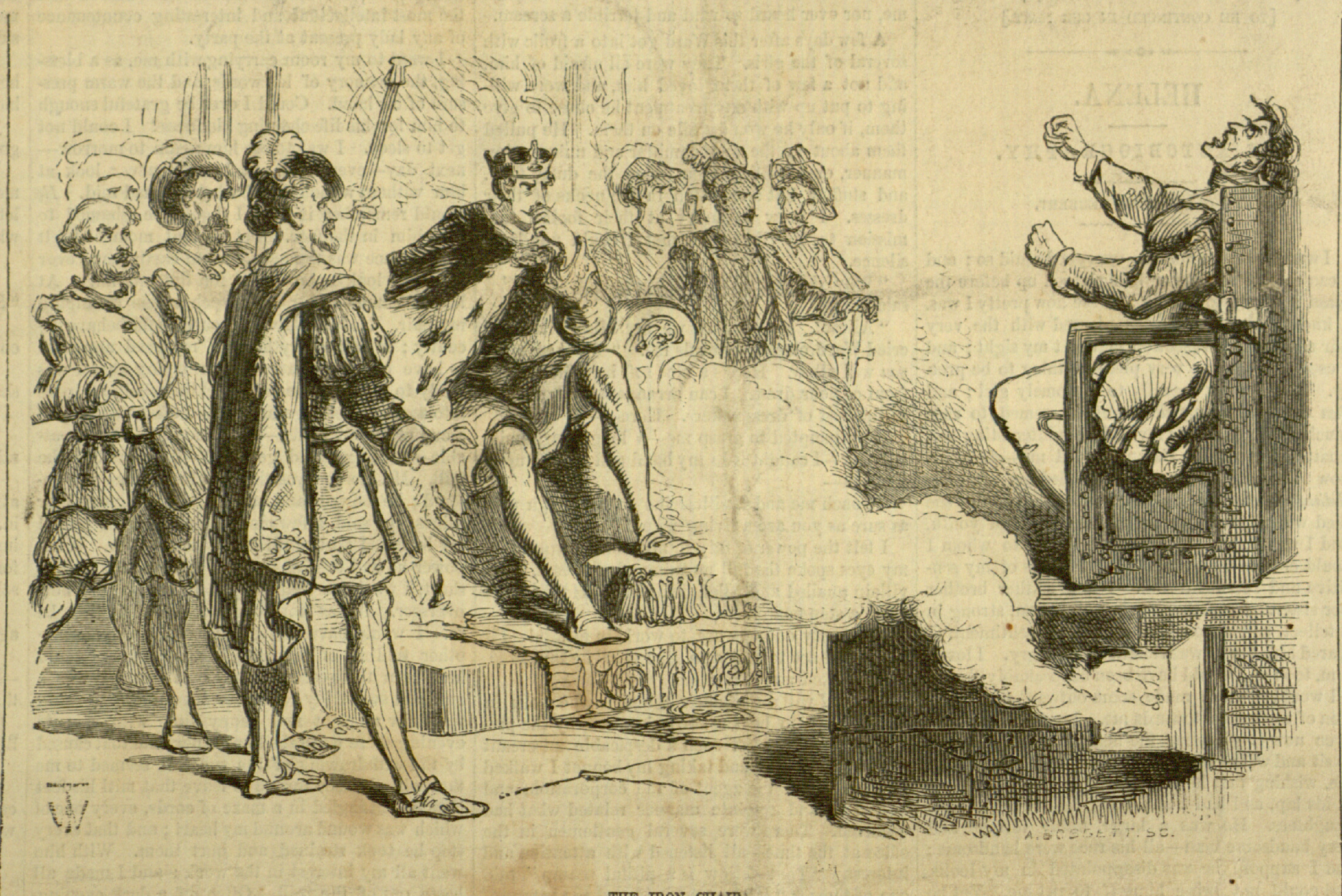
"Then set him free!"

The publican was quickly released from his uncomfortable position, and when he had gained sufficient strength to speak coherently, the king asked him why he had stabbed the prince.

"It was not the prince we meant to kill," replied Martello, still writhing with pain. "We had been hired by him to kill another, and my poniard found his bosom through a mistake."

"But how?" asked Alfonso.

"I'll tell you." And thereupon the prisoner related all the circumstances of the case, from the coming of Nunez de Castaneda to his inn to the moment when he was arrested in Enrique's chamber


A. BOBBETT. SC.

THE IRON CHAIR.

Alfonso exhibited no mark of surprise during the recital, though he was deeply interested. He had suspected some such thing, but was prepared to hear anything. That the prince had sent the assassins to the palace to murder the champion he had been confident, and as Martello's story was direct and to the point, he had no reason to doubt it. Still he was resolved to examine the other two. So the publican was sent out, and Francisco brought in.

The huge fellow gazed around with a terrified look, and when his glance fell upon the infernal chair, the seat of which was now at a full red-heat, he turned towards the king and cried out:

"Don't put me in there! I'll tell anything I know!" He had the courage of the brute, but not the fortitude of a man.

"Then tell me how the Prince Nunez came to be killed," demanded Alfonso.

"He was killed by mistake, sire."

"But how? Tell me the whole story. I would know why you were in that chamber."

The fellow told the story just as Martello had told it, and he was then led out. Bernardo was next brought in, and though he suffered himself to be conducted close up to the incandescent seat, yet he became terrified into speech ere he allowed himself to be subjected to the torture. His account agreed exactly with the others, and when he had been taken from the room Sir Rinaldo was ordered to have the three assassins conducted to prison.

"And now, gentlemen," said the king, "I must bid you a good-night; or, I should say, a good morning. You will find a few hours for sleep, if you will improve them. Sir Enrique, you will not leave the palace till I see you again."

When the fiery chair had been removed, and Alfonso had dismissed the guard, and was thus left alone, he called his page and directed him to send Espinar thither. The physician soon made his appearance.

"How is my——the prince?" asked the king. He could not call him brother.

"Very low," replied Espinar.

"Has he been sensible yet?"

"Not so as to speak, sire."

"Is his wound a fatal one, think you?"

"I cannot tell yet. If he is bleeding internally, as I think he is, he cannot live long. I dare not attempt to probe the wound, even though it seems to be healing up upon the surface."

"If such be the case, then the dagger must have done a fatal work," said Alfonso, with a dubious shake of the head. "Such a wound must bleed somewhere."

"You are right, sire, though it may not necessarily be a fatal one. I suppose a poniard like that might find its way into the bosom without letting blood enough to cause death; but yet the blood should find escape if it flows. However, we can tell in the morning, or, at any rate, during the day."

"Do you think Nunez will have his senses?"

"Yes—I think he will."

"Then I will not see him to-night. Go you and watch by him, Espinar, and give him all the help you can. I would not have him die thus. And yet," the monarch murmured half to himself, "'twere better he should die so than by the hand of the executioner. Alas! this is hard! You may go, sir."

When the physician had gone Alfonso ascended to his own chamber, where he paced to and fro for nearly an hour. At times he labored under a fierce excitement, and at others he was calm and serene. If he had one subject that gave him pain, he had another that gave him intense satisfaction.

"Oh!" he murmured to himself, as he prepared to retire, "why did this cloud come now?"

And a voice answered him, as he bent his head in thought—

"Had the cloud not come, the light that has flashed upon thee might never have been."

* * * * *

During the remainder of the night Espinar watched by the bed of Nunez de Castaneda. The prince seemed to have no pain—no sense—but lay like one dead, at times appearing to have ceased breathing entirely, while at others he gasped heavily. The daylight came at length, and the forenoon had passed half away, when the prince opened his eyes and gazed around. A convulsive shudder shook his frame, and, with a sudden movement, he sat up in bed.

"Espinar?" he uttered in a weak tone.

"You know me, then?" the physician returned, as he placed some pillows at the invalid's back.

The prince breathed much easier as his body was thus raised, and he seemed to gain strength.

"I know you very well," he said. "But where am I?"

"In your own room."

"Aye—I remember. The traitor overcame me."

"Do you remember nothing beyond that?" asked the physician.

"Beyond that?" repeated Nunez, gazing first into his attendant's face, and then bowing his head, with his fingers pressed upon his brow. "Aye!" he cried, in startled tones, at the same time placing his hand upon his wounded breast, "I do remember. That accursed Martello stabbed me!"

He closed his eyes, and remained thus for some time.

"Aye," he resumed, "I remember now. I had wandered off, in a deranged state of mind, to some distant apartment of the palace, and while there the assassins were set upon me. But I think the wound was not a bad one. I shall not die. I am not killed so easily. But that fall in the lists has affected me much. It pains me even now."

"Where?" asked Espinar.

"All over my body; but I feel a load here," the prince returned, placing his hand upon his heart.

"How does it feel?"

"Partly a burning sensation, and partly like—like—I hardly know what. But it seems as though something had been broken loose in there."

The physician took the wrist of the prince, and pressed his finger upon the pulsating artery. The motion was perceptible, but extremely fluctuating—now beating quickly and strongly, and anon sinking so as to be hardly distinguished. Espinar chose not to speak his thoughts, but he knew very well that Martello's poniard was the cause of all the mischief.

"How is the pulse?" the prince asked, while the physician's finger was upon his wrist.

"It beats quite smartly now."

"I thought so," Nunez cried, hopefully. "I'll be strong enough ere long. Why do you shake your head so?"

"Did I shake it?"

"Yes—and dubiously, too. But if you imagine that de Moneva's onset has left any lasting effect, you are mistaken; and as for the wound the assassin gave me, 'twas but a mere prick. But say—how long have I lain here?"

"Since three o'clock this morning, my lord."

"And 'twas yesterday I was in the lists?"

"Yes."

"Then, by Santiago, this is the day for my wedding! What's the hour?"

"Half way to noon."

"By the host, I must be up and moving! This is my wedding-day, Espinar. The lady Eleanor will be anxious. Ring for that lazy servant of mine."

The physician expostulated in vain. Nunez was determined to arise and be dressed, and finally Espinar gave it up.

"You'll see the king before you leave the palace?" the latter said.

"Most assuredly I shall."

And so the physician went away; and when he reached the hall he shook his head as though serious doubts were upon his mind.

CHAPTER XIX.

BEFORE THE KING.

The king was in the upper audience chamber, and with him were four of his noble captains. He had slept none during the night, but he showed no signs of fatigue. He had just stopped in his nervous, hurried walk to speak with de Padillo, when the page entered and announced that Don John de Velasco demanded audience of the king.

"Admit him at once," said Alfonso.

In a few moments more the old count entered. He wore a stern look upon his brow, and his movements showed that he was somewhat excited.

"Sire," he said, after he had bowed to the nobles there assembled, "I would speak with you."

"Speak on, Sir John. All ears here are safe. You need not fear these noble knights."

"Then listen, sire," the count resumed, in a low tone: "The youthful knight, who is now champion of Castile, is annoying me beyond measure."

"Ah, Sir John. Say ye so?"

"Aye—even to insult is he annoying me."

"Why—I thought him an upright, valiant gentleman, fair sir. But how has he annoyed you?"

"By his clandestine communions with my daughter, sire. Let me be plain. You well know that mine was the first roof that gave him shelter in Burgos."

"Aye—and that thou hadst received the lives of thyself and child at his hands," interrupted the king.

"True," returned the count, proudly; "he did aid us, and so did his esquire, and so might any armed man whom chance had chosen to throw in our way. But that matters not. He had my gratitude, and he might have had any reasonable reward he had asked. But his first movement was, to lay siege to the heart of my child. He knew she was betrothed to the prince Nunez, and that the wedding-day was not far distant, and yet he contrived to win her love, and now wields a mighty influence over her. He has rendered her unhappy and discontented, and visits her against my express orders."

"But why tell this to me, Sir Count?"

"Because, sire, I know you have taken the youth into especial favor for the while, and that your commands laid upon him would be likely to avail much. It was you, too, who gave the lady Eleanor a passport to the prison."

"Aye," returned the king, "because I had once promised her that, when I was king, her first request to me should be granted. That was her first request, Sir John."

"Think not, sire, that I would lay blame to you. Far from it. I only come to ask that you will command Sir Enrique de Moneva to trouble me no more."

"This is a delicate business, de Velasco. Does the lady Eleanor object to the young knight's attentions?"

"The nobles of Castile are not in the habit of consulting their children in mattters of such importance, sire."

"And to whom can this subject be of more importance than to the one whose whole future life must be colored by it?" said the king, earnestly.

"That matters little," the count quickly returned. "I have my own plans, and they must be carried out."

"And you mean that your child shall marry with Nunez?"

"Yes, sire."

"When?"

"The time was fixed for this very day."

"Aye—I remember that the prince so informed me some weeks since."

"And now," resumed de Velasco, somewhat impatiently, "will your majesty do me the favor I have asked?"

The king started across the chamber with his head bowed and his hands clasped behind him. When he stopped he beckoned his boy-page to his side, and whispered to him. Pedro left the apartment, and the king again paced up and down the room. He was very thoughtful, and those who stood around could see, by the changes of his countenance, that he was wrought upon by conflicting emotions. The old count watched him narrowly and uneasily, following him with his eye at every step, and occasionally biting his lips with vexation.

At length the page returned, and whispered a message to his royal master.

"Sir Count," said Alfonso, turning to the old man, "I would have the lady Eleanor present here. Shall I send for her, or will you?"

"Have her here, sire?" uttered Sir John, in surprise. "And for what?"

"I would see her. If she is to be married, I would like to congratulate her; and if I am to forbid this new lover from seeing her any more, I would at least like to ask her pardon. I know what high hopes may hang upon an alliance with the only brother of the King of Castile; and I know, too, what holy hopes may be crushed by—— But never mind, I'll send for her myself. Fear not, sir. You shall be satisfied. "Sir Garcia," the monarch added, turning to de Castro, "go you to the dwelling of our noble cousin and conduct the lady Eleanor to our presence. Say to her that both her father and her king would see her."

"But, sire——"

"Not a word, Sir John. She must come."

"But the meaning, your majesty? Why must she come here?"

"You shall see."

With this the king resumed his walk up and down the chamber. It was his custom, when others were present, and he wished not to be disturbed in his ponderings, to pace the floor thus, and none ventured to disturb him at such times. John de

Velasco moved away to one corner, where he walked by himself, and if he was not so deeply thoughtful as his monarch, he was at least as deeply concerned. Thus matters stood when the page moved towards his master and remained close by his path.

"What is it, Pedro?" Alfonso asked.

"Sir Enrique de Moneva is without, sire."

"Admit him."

As the young champion entered the chamber, followed closely by Gomez, the king advanced and extended his hand.

"I give thee a good day, noble sir," he said. "Make yourself comfortable for the present."

Enrique turned to where stood Padillo, Arrelano, and de Haro, and having exchanged warm greetings with them, he cast his gaze upon de Velasco; but the count only inclined his head with a cold, formal nod of recognition, and then resumed his walk.

Ere long after this de Castro returned, and with him came Eleanor de Velasco. She was pale and agitated, but her surpassing loveliness was not dimmed. She gazed first upon the king, and then upon her father; and then her eyes sought the place where stood Enrique de Moneva. She trembled violently, for she knew not what was to come. Her father had assured her that on this day she should become the wife of the prince, and she feared that she had been called with some reference to that scheme.

"Fair cousin," the king said, taking her by the hand, "I am glad to see you."

"Was 't you who sent for me?" she asked, in a low tone.

"Yes."

"Oh! save me if you can: Do not let——"

She was cut short in her speech by the abrupt entrance of the royal physician.

"How now, Espinar?" the monarch demanded, turning towards the new-comer.

"The prince is up, sire," the physician returned, in a whisper, "and says he is going to get married to-day."

"What? Is he so strong?"

"At present he is—and stubborn, too."

"But will he leave the palace?"

"He promised me that he would see you first, sire."

"Then I think he'll come, and I am glad it is so, for I want him here. You may remain, Espinar."

While this had been going on the count had taken his daughter by the arm and led her away to his corner of the room.

"You need not gaze upon the Castilian Champion so eagerly," he whispered, sternly, "for he will be commanded by the king to see you no more. As soon as this wild enigma of Alfonso's is solved we will make arrangements for the nuptials. I expect the prince here."

Eleanor shrank away to hide her emotion, for her nerves were already unstrung, and her body weak, and hence she could not bear much that came home so heavily upon her heart. She had wished a hundred times that Nunez de Castaneda had died upon the field, and she had as many times prayed God to forgive her for the wish. She had just turned to one of the deep windows when the great door of the chamber was unceremoniously opened, and the prince himself entered.

The king started back with horror as he beheld his brother, and even the old count stopped in his advance, and gazed with a startled look upon his expectant son-in-law. Nunez de Castaneda looked like death itself. His face was of an ashen hue; his lips bloodless; his eye wild and wandering; and his teeth firmly clenched. He was dressed, however, with a scrupulous nicety, and his long black hair was swept back from his brow with more than ordinary care.

"Ha! My bride is ready!" he cried, advancing towards the frightened maid.

"NUNEZ!" thundered the king.

"Who speaks to me?" the prince asked, turning and gazing upon his brother.

"I spoke, sir," returned Alfonso, sternly. "Do you know where you are?"

"Aye—right well, my liege lord of Castile. I am in the royal presence. And," he resumed, with a curl of the lip, "I am in the presence of enemies, too,—enemies whom my royal brother would shield from punishment."

For the while the wild expression left the prince's eye, and his mind seemed to resume its balance.

"It is not enough," he resumed, "that I should be traduced by a traitor; it is not enough that assassins should be set upon me in my own chamber;——"

"In *your* chamber, Nunez?"

"Just the same, Alfonso of Castile. If I had wandered away in a fit of temporary aberration, surely I could not help it. It is not enough, I say, that assassins should be set upon me; but the instigator must be fostered by you, and even his foul presence tolerated among honorable men? Alfonso of Castile, I have come to claim my bride. You know this was the day set long ago."

Before the king could reply the page announced that the old harper was waiting for admittance.

"Let him come. He has been sent for," said Alfonso.

Jinchillo entered the royal presence with a succession of obsequious bows, and when he finally stopped he placed his harp upon the floor and gazed around with a half frightened, half vacant stare.

"You mean poor Jinchillo no harm, sire," he finally said, looking up into the king's face.

"Not in the least, sir harper. Be not afraid."

"*Be not afraid?*" roared Nunez, looking wild and savage again. "Who should be afraid in such a conspiracy? By Santiago, I'll bear this no longer! Come, Sir John," he added, turning to the count, "let us leave this place. Let us hence at once, and have our business done. By the holy saints, if they think the traitor's lance did me harm, they are sadly mistaken! Come—come, my fair lady."

Not only did Eleanor shrink away in terror, but even her father returned the prince no answer. He gazed into Nunez' livid, passion-wrought features, and a shade of doubt and anxiety rested upon his face. But the voice of the king, who was now considerably excited, saved him the necessity of speaking.

"Nunez de Castaneda," the monarch cried, "I have business of my own to transact now. Will you take a seat and be quiet?"

"And have not I business to transact, too?" the prince quickly returned.

"You will let yours remain for the present."

"Never! By San Jago of Compostella, never!"

"Pedro—go bid Sir Rinaldo attend here with a guard!"

"Guard, and guard!" cried Nunez, gnashing his teeth. "My business shall be done!"

Alfonso made no reply, but de Pedrosa soon entered, followed by six men-at-arms, and then the king said,—

"Now, Nunez, I command your obedience, and you may rest assured that I will have it. Will you be seated, and listen to what I have to say, or will you force me to employ my guard?"

A convulsive tremor shook the frame of the prince, and, while his face became paler than before, and his body appeared to grow more weak, he sank into a seat and bowed his head upon his hands.

Alfonso took a few turns up and down the chamber, and then seated himself upon his throne. Upon his left stood Rodrigo de Padillo, Carlos d'Arrelano, Garcia de Castro, and Alvarez de Haro. A little further up the room, upon the same side, stood John de Velasco, and near him sat Eleanor; while beyond them sat the prince. Upon the right of the king stood Sir Enrique de Moneva, Gomez Bambillo, and Jinchillo. Not far from them stood Espinar; and, further still, were Sir Rinaldo and his guard.

All, save Nunez, were anxiously watching the monarch, for they knew that some momentous subject was upon his mind. He breathed hard and quickly, and his fingers worked nervously about the folds of his royal robe. His features were constantly changing their expression—now dark and troubled, and anon lightening up with brighter thoughts.

"Gentlemen," he said, in a tremulous tone, when all was still, "I have a strange story to tell you. Let no one interrupt me while I am speaking. I have called you here to listen, and I command your attention. I will not keep you long."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

HELENA.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY GEORGIANNA HERBERT.

I was a handsome child—everybody said so; and I can myself remember being stood up before the glass, and told to look in and see how pretty I was. I know that I was always pleased with the very fair and delicate reflection that met my sight; and I used to think it a very pleasant thing to be pretty. But I grew speedily to a homely girl; and *then* nobody but my dear mother seemed to care much about me. *She* loved her uninteresting and unattractive child; *she* understood me—*she* knew how to manage me, and never called me *sullen and obstinate* when I was only *sad and miserable*. But she died when I was entering the first years of youth, and I was left without a single friend to whom I could confide the thoughts and feelings of my sensitive and sorrowful soul. I had neither brother nor sister. My father was a rough man, strong in intellect, and almost entirely without sentiment. I feared him, for he was violent when angry. I loved him, too; and would have been unspeakably thankful would he have made some outward manifestation of tenderness towards me. I can remember—even now it gives me the heartache—how I used to sit and watch him when he was in the room with me, wishing that he would ask me to come and sit in his lap, as I had heard other fathers do to their daughters. He was a large, nobly formed, and very handsome man—all his race were handsome; and I suppose he was disappointed in my looks, and could not bring himself to pet me. Yet he never was positively unkind to me, and, as I have said, I loved him devotedly, for I had nothing else to love; and as I sat silently regarding him, from some dim corner, my poor, young, desolate heart yearned almost to breaking for some token of love from him. I hope few children have ever known such misery as I suffered at those times. Once my feelings so far got the better of my fears that I said, in a trembling, entreating voice—

"Father!" I was going to say, "don't you love your child at all? *Do* love me—do let me lean my head against *you*, as I used to against my dear mother;" but he looked up hastily, and said, in a peremptory voice—

"Hush, hush, child! I am reading."

I settled back into my corner, and never again attempted to give voice to what was passing within. I spent nearly all my time in study, having the sole use of my father's valuable library.

I was in my sixteenth year, when my father brought home a new bride. How beautiful, graceful, and proud she was! I hardly dared to look at her. After her advent I felt more unvalued and valueless than ever; and soon I determined to leave my home, and try the world for myself. Here I did wrong, very wrong. I did not tell my wish to my father and ask for his permission to go away; I felt that it mattered little to him where I went; and I would not say a word to him or to any one about leaving. I did not want to say "Good-bye," or to have any say good-bye to me. I wanted to *go*, and I *went*. My father and his wife had gone somewhere to make a visit when the stage called for me. I had my small wardrobe all ready; and without leaving even a note to tell what I had done or intended to do, I departed for Lowell. My father had hardly spoken a word to me since his new wife entered the house, now six months agone, and she had walked a queen through her new home, hardly seeing me. They would not miss me, nor care for my departure.

When I reached Lowell I made all haste to seek for a place to work in a mill. I took board in a large building full of mill girls. I felt shy and afraid, but tried to appear at my ease among them. At ease *in my way*, which was to go dreaming along, taking no notice of any of them.

As I was an utter stranger in Lowell, of course I got variously imposed upon; but at length I secured a place, and began to feel settled. The noise of the mills terrified and confused me sadly—to my excited imagination they seemed like so many huge living monsters, buzzing, whirring, and droning about me. They haunted my sleep, and wearied me more at night than they did in the day. I was a poor worker, and barely managed to earn enough to pay my board. Oh! the weariness and dreariness to me—born and nurtured in the free country—of that confined, perpetual, city toil. I did not wonder at the slow steps and sad faces of many of the girls about me. Now I began to see that I was not the only girl what was unhappy. Misery was painted on the faces of many of my companions. One of my room-mates—she worked at a loom near mine—seemed the most wretched of all. I wished that I dared ask her what made her so very sad—when, too, she was so beautiful, for she was beautiful as a dream. I soon noticed that our overseer watched her a great deal, and was often near her, saying something which lighted up her lovely face with a sweet smile, or more frequently made her lips quiver, and her tears fall. Then he would look displeased, and walk away from her; and she would gaze after him with such an agonized look—a look of such utter and hopeless woe—oh! it was dreadful. All the girls near us used to watch those two people. We could never hear what was said; but we knew that he was killing her. Nobody was much astonished when the dead body of poor Agnes was taken from the river, and it became known that she had destroyed herself because of the overseer. I had not liked the man from the first, and now I hated him with almost insane intensity. I could see the devil through the thin covering of human flesh that the monster wore. I could see the blue smoke-wreath in his nostrils, and curling along his lips, and the red flame-tongues licking the corners of his great, evil eyes. His boots seemed made to fit a cloven foot; and I even thought I saw hooks instead of fingernails on the ends of his fingers, when one day he came to examine my loom. It was a warm day, and I had laid aside my cape. As he rose from stooping to look at the lower part of the loom, he turned to me, and saying, with a wicked smile, "What a beutiful white neck you have," he laid his paw upon my shoulder.

Ah-ha! if that man never before was scared he was so *then*. I jumped as if a rattlesnake had stung me, and screamed a scream that echoed above all the din and crash of that machinery:

"Apollyon, touch me *not!*" I said, in tones of the deepest abhorrence.

The man had started back from me as if in terror. His face flushed—it grew purple, and his eyes almost started out of his head. He must have thought that I was about to strangle him, or something of the sort. Not a word did he say to me, but walked to the other side of the mill. The girl who stood next to me said afterwards she didn't wonder that Ward was frightened, for she never in her life beheld a face so perfectly and dreadfully ferocious as mine became the instant he touched me, nor ever heard so wild and terrible a scream.

A few days after this Ward got into a frolic with several of the girls. They were all afraid of him, and not a few of them loved him, and were willing to put up with any treatment he chose to give them, if only he would smile on them. He pulled them about in the most familiar and unbecoming manner, even rolling them upon the dusty floor, and stuffing lint and cotton in the necks of their dresses. I grew so angry at their foolish submission to his vile capers that I could not keep silence.

"Why *do* you allow such conduct, girls?" I said.

"Allow! How smart we are, Miss Fitzroy!" cried Ward, coming towards me. "We'll see what *you* will allow. Here's a nice soft handfull for the front of your dress. I can arrange it for you equal to the best of dressmakers. Here——"

He attempted to grasp me—a long, sharp knife lay near—I caught it in my hand and sprung upon a bench—

"Touch me and I will strike this through you, as sure as you are a living man!"

I felt the power of fury in my arm. I knew that my eyes spoke the full meaning of my heart. The villain quailed and paled before me. He *dared* not come a step nearer.

"A pretty one *you* are to work in a mill! I'll see if you are to carry on like this," he muttered, as he backed away from me.

"Nay, *I* will see whether the girls who work in this mill are to be constantly insulted by the presence and conduct of such a despicable miscreant as you are," I said, and taking my bonnet I walked to the office of the agent of the corporation, and in a clear and resolute manner related what had occurred. There were several gentlemen in the office at the time—all listened with attention and interest. "That fellow *is* a pitiful scamp," said one of them. "He was the ruin and the means of the death of the only child of one of my tenants. As lovely a girl she was as ever lived. I knew her well. He is no more fit to be among a set of girls than a fox is to be set to guard young chickens."

"He shall be removed," said the agent. "You may go, Miss; I am obliged to you for what you have done—rest assured that you shall have an overseer who will give no such cause of complaint." I then went back to my work.

"Do you feel any better?" asked Ward, with a sneer. I made him no answer.

"It's no use to complain," said my next neighbor—you only get the ill will of the overseer."

"Wait till you see," I said.

The next day Ward disappeared, and in his place came one of the very gentlemen I had seen in the agent's office. I did not remember him, but he came and spoke to me and told me this. I had seen him, the new overseer, many times before I *looked at* him—but one warm day he stood near me, adding up a long list of figures—about I know not what, and I took occasion to gaze at him and see how he looked. He was of middle size, of a most perfect and elastic form—never had I seen a finer—his features were not remarkably handsome, excepting his mouth, which was the most beautiful that can be imagined, even when he was serious, but when smiles played about it—real heart-felt smiles, there was a charming sweetness there which is beyond all description. His whole expression was that of a manly, kindly, and innocent heart. His hair was dark and curling; his head well shaped and intellectual. I wondered that I had not looked at him before. I had never in all my days seen any one whose looks suited me so well.

Strange power of a steadfast gaze. How apt it is to draw the eyes of those at whom it is directed—and Mr. Roscoe suddenly turned his eyes full on me. There was an instant look of pleased surprise in his expression. I felt my face and neck burning. Well did I know, for I had a hundred times been told, that my eyes were unmitigated tell-tales; and I was *perfectly sure* that he had read in them my new born admiration for him.

There was no help for it. I attended closely to my work for the remainder of that day. That evening there was a party at the house of one of the owners, and several of the factory girls were invited. To my great astonishment *I* was among their number. At first I thought I would not go. But I changed my mind and went. I had a great curiosity to see Mr. Roscoe in society, and I supposed he would be at the party. He was there; and I saw at once that he was a great favorite with both ladies and gentlemen. How handsome he did look, moving amid the gaily-dressed ladies; smiling back upon them their sweetest smiles. How much they all made of him. Ah! me, how beautiful they all were; and I—what *did I* come there for? What a foolish creature I was to show *my* face amid such a company.

At length Mr. Roscoe came along to where I sat. He started, and held out his hand, smiling very pleasantly. It really seemed for one moment, while he stood holding me by the hand, that he was glad to meet me there. I felt a glow of pleasure at the thought; and as I looked up at him he seemed to understand my feelings, for his clasp tightened and he smiled on me again. But he soon passed on, and I saw that I was forgotten. I was glad when the time came for departing—but what was my astonishment when Mr. Roscoe came to my side, saying—

"If you will permit me, I shall be most happy to walk home with you."

Could I believe my ears! But we were out in the dark together in a moment more. My wish was gratified—he could no longer see the fair ladies nor ugly me. Was I satisfied? Satisfied! when *is* the human heart satisfied? Certainly *not* when it is, for *one* brief moment, beating side by side with the heart whose regard is to it more precious than gold, yea, than much fine gold; knowing that in the *next* it must be parted from it, perhaps to be brought thus near never more. Oh! no; not *satisfied;* still, I was trembling with a troubled joy. Roscoe said nothing to me for a few moments—it seemed to me that he felt my emotion and wished to give me time to grow calm before he made me speak.

"You do not much enjoy company, I think," he said, at length.

"Not very much," I answered.

"Why not?" he asked.

"I don't know as I will tell you."

He laughed.

"Didn't you think the ladies all looked very lovely to-night?"

"All but one."

"Who was that?"

"The one you are protecting home." I tried to say it lightly; but my voice grew husky in spite of myself. Mr. Roscoe laughed merrily.

"Upon my word!" he exclaimed. "Miss Fitzroy, will you allow me to question you a little?"

"Yes, sir—and I will answer what I choose."

He then drew from me, by gentle questioning, the main points of my past history; after which he gave me an analysis of my character, pointed out my faults in winning tones, and pleasantly chided me for undervaluing myself, winding up with the declaration that I had the best stored-mind and the most intellectual and interesting countenance of any lady present at the party.

I went to my room carrying with me, as a blessing, the memory of his words, and the warm pressure of his hand. Could I ever be grateful enough to him for his life-cheering kindness? I could not get to sleep. I was to see him again to-morrow—next day—every day, and I could never look at him without a thought of what he had said. *He* would remember it too. I should be ashamed to look him in the face. Yet at that moment I felt that *his* face was the only one on earth that I ever cared to look upon. Oh! for the morning. At last it came—never had I such a time arranging my hair. Not an individual curl would behave decently; in fact, every hair on my head appeared to have become insane. After trying until I was ready to faint, I managed to get the rebellious locks into some sort of regularity; and after swallowing a cup of muddy coffee—not a mouthful of any eatable—nothing would go down—I repaired to the mill. Mr. Roscoe was there. He saw me as I entered; he bowed and smiled. "How your hair shines," he said, a few moments after, as he passed my loom. I flushed all over with pleasure. What power he had to give me joy. To make the story short, I was soon helplessly in love with the new overseer. It was not long before I knew it to be so. I would have suffocated with shame had another told me of the fact; but as long as I could keep it in the secrecy of my own heart, it was a new and sweet joy to me to love him. Morning was now a bright and happy time with me; to evening there was a shadow deeper than that caused by the withdrawing of the sun. It seemed to me that when Roscoe turned to leave that mill his feet became entangled in a maze of cords, every one of which was wound around my heart; and that every step he took strained and hurt them. With him went all my interest in the work; and I made all haste out of the mill. Often, of a dark evening, did I walk close behind him for a mile or more as he went towards his sister's home, where he used to stay two nights of every week. I did this just for the pleasure of hearing his footsteps; for I could not see him half the time, though almost near enough to touch him. Then back I would have to go, in the dark all alone. Being a great coward, this terrified me sorely; still I did it again and again, and, after it, usually went to bed weeping. When he entered our mill room in the morning he seemed to bring with him an atmosphere of joy and peace which penetrated me. I was, for the time, content. If he came to my side and stood talking with me, my joy was great for the whole day. If he put his hand upon my head as he sometimes did, while speaking, my whole frame fairly quivered with happiness. I used to think, sometimes, that he *must* know it, else why did *his hand* tremble?

"Look up at me, please," he said, as he stood thus one day. How *could I* lift my eyes to his face *then?* But he said again, in a voice low and irresistible—

"Look up," and I obeyed.

I could *not* help it; tears sprang to my eyes as I looked up. I thought there was a look of strange gentleness and pity in *his* eyes; but I was not certain, for, without a word, he walked away. I worked in a dream that day; could not have told whether I felt happy or miserable. When I went to my own room that night, the girls were talking of Mr. Roscoe. He was to be *married* in a few days. Their laughing and giggling sounded faintly on my ears as I tried to gain my couch after hearing that. I thought the lights in the room had suddenly gone out, and then I remembered no more until I recovered from a deep swoon. The girls were not much alarmed—fainting was too common among the mill girls to cause fear. It was not long ere I felt well enough to walk about. Remembering that this was the night for Mr. Roscoe to go to his sister's, I made an excuse of needing air, and went out. It was cloudy and dark enough, but I knew my way. I always waited at a particular turn for Roscoe to pass. Now I stood trembling in every limb, feeling a deadly sickness creeping over me. "What was the use of my trying any longer to live? What had I to live for?" were questions which I asked of myself, as I shrank from the night wind. I looked backward through my brief years; a sunny morning, darkening all the way down till now, when blackness covered my sky. I, who more than others needed a mother's love, had been stripped of it, and had none given in its place. I, who could so love husband, children, home, was forbid to think of those things; the only man I ever cared for, or ever could or would care for—he about whom my very life was wrapped and wound—was going across the gulf that must forever yawn like death—nay, *worse*, a thousand times worse than *death*—between us. I could not, I would not bear it. I would follow him this once more; I would go to his sister's door; I would look in at him and see him talk and smile, and tell her of his happiness, and then—*the river ran near her door*—I would go down into its waters, and my *body*, at least, should find rest.

This was my plan—wicked, self-willed, impatient. Why was I not left to follow it? Because God is *so* merciful, and of such *loving* kindness. He deals with us not according to our sins; He loves us while we yet love Him not; and if He *can*, He wins us at length to love Him. Following us first with blessings, then with judgments, so that by *some* means we may be saved. I heard his step at last—Roscoe's. I knew it; it fell on my heart; and as he passed he drew me on. I followed breathlessly, for he walked fast. He seemed troubled about something, for several times I heard him sigh. How I longed to have the power to comfort him, and then I wished that it might forever be night, and he walking alone through the darkness, that I might follow him, as now. So wild and unreasonable are the wishes of love. "Oh! could he know what a wretched being is close behind him, what would he say or think? He would be angry—yes, certainly, and despise me. Oh! not for worlds on worlds would I have him know what I have done, or *why* I die."

Just as this thought flashed through my mind a man passed me. I suppose the flutter of my garments told him that I was a woman, for he suddenly turned and seized me in his arms. To scream for help was instinctive, and the next moment the ruffian was stretched sprawling on the ground, and I was led out of his reach by Mr. Roscoe.

"A dark night for a female to be on this road alone. Nothing should induce you to venture yourself so," said Roscoe. "Where do you reside? Shall I not see you to your home in safety?"

I wished that the ground would open and hide me. If I spoke he would know me. What should I do?

"Are you frightened out of your life, dear madam?" asked Roscoe, in a voice of concern. "You tremble dreadfully. I fear you are not able to go on. What will you do?"

"Leave me, kind sir. I will go when I have rested awhile," I said, trying to disguise my tones.

It was useless. "Miss Fitzroy! Helena!" exclaimed Roscoe, in the utmost astonishment. He moved backward, and struck his foot against something. It proved to be a box inverted. He immediately seated himself, and drew me down beside him.

"What does this *mean?*" he said. "Why are you here? Why do you tremble so? Why seek to hide yourself from me?"

"Do not ask me. Let me go—in mercy let me go. I never meant——" here I stopped abruptly.

"Meant *what*, Helena?" he said, calmly, holding me fast as I tried to rise. "You never meant to let me know that you were following me—is *that* what you were going to say?"

I began to sob. "Let me go," was all my answer.

"You may *try* to go," he said, releasing me. "See how far you can get, poor child."

I rose up hastily—fell back *more* hastily. I could not even stand.

He put his arm about me, and folded me in his shawl, for the night was chill.

"Tell me," he said, "why were you following me?"

"How do you know that I was doing so?" I said, desperately.

"You were a most daring girl. I am frightened at the very thought of the danger you have been in. As a punishment for your imprudence, I shall insist that you tell me whether you have ever before done this thing, and that you give me your solemn promise never to attempt it again."

"I never will, sir. I never intended to do it again."

I shuddered as I spoke, for I thought of the river—of how much colder it would be lying there than in the warm embrace that now sustained me.

"What ails you that you shudder so? Are you ill, Helena?"

"I do not know. I fainted away just after tea."

"And now are out here. Oh, Helena; but what caused you to faint? You were looking unusually well when you left the mill."

"It was something that I heard."

"What?"

Had the man any right to question me so? Had I been going to live I would have resented his manner; as it was it mattered not. He should know all he asked.

"They said that you were soon to be married."

"My dear Helena! and did *that* affect you so? But have no more fear in that regard, for I shall not marry any one until I marry *you*. Will you take me, Helena?"

The river! the river! It had to look elsewhere that night for its prey.

THE MISTAKE OF MILLIONS.

Never was there a greater mistake than that which men make in regard to what they should do with wealth. But few deny that all things are of God, and through Him; and most men believe *theoretically* that they are God's stewards, and they will assent to it when the minister tells them that they all have got to give account of the manner in which they use the wealth with which God has entrusted them. But, for all this, instead of going boldly and bravely into the places where there is most chance to do good, and then generously *doing* it, do not *most* of those who have the means shun all contact with suffering and sorrow? They choose to keep where no cry of distress, and no scene of sorrow, can reach them, and if by chance they are thrust into the way of such things, they shut their eyes, and stop their ears, in disgust, and hurry to escape to their elegant and agreeable homes.

This is wrong, all wrong in the rich; 'tis cheating the Lord, the poor, and their own souls. The Lord never gave any man or woman wealth to spend in hedging himself away from the reach of the poor, or from the contemplation of their wants. The poor are entitled to aid and sympathy from their rich brothers, and the soul of the wealthy *needs* the elevating and enriching influences consequent upon benevolent feeling and action toward the poor.

It is admitted that there is much more charity in the middle than in the upper classes of society. Why is this? Certainly not from any *natural* difference in the minds of the people; but the "middle class" have not become so isolated, so lifted up above the sight of the misery of the poor as have the most wealthy class; and it is not in human nature (bad as that nature has become) to *see* much of want and woe and not have some desire to relieve it. If those who have plenty of time and plenty of money could be made to realize that it would be much better for them to employ the frail and fading body which is so soon to become food for no better nor more considerate worms than will devour the corpse of the beggar, in seeking opportunities to benefit their fellow-creatures, than to waste both time and money in pampering themselves, and in aiding the folly and extravagance of vain companions, there would be far less suffering among the poor, and more happy death-beds among the rich, than there are now. A. M.

SINGING SONGS.

Goldsmith, we think, says, that he seldom heard a young man attempt to sing in company without exposing himself; and it is too true that, owing to various causes, few people of any age can sing a song without grieving their friends. Yet, songs are the delight of mankind. Among ruder nations they are employed to animate heroism or to express sentiments for which common language is too poor; and among people of the greatest refinement they often make an important part, or, as it were, the completion and consummation, of social enjoyment. Old gentlemen who used to sing, are always delighted to find that vocal music is not yet extinct; old ladies, who used to be sung to, at, or of, are reminded by a skillful voice of the days when they and the world were young and happy; middle-aged people of the smallest pretensions to feeling, both men and women, love a song; and the young, who love pleasure in every shape, never object to it in this its most harmonious and seductive shape of all. In fact, there is no country in which singing is not held in estimation.

ABOUT MY LOVE.

BY ALICE CARY.

When Winter sends
The frost to make his rude alarms,
The frozen dove doth leave her mate,
And, wintering in my love's white arms,
Doth for her melancholy fate
Find fair amends.

When winds unblest,
Blow down the chimney night by night,
And all the heavy ashes stir,
And from his song the cricket fright,
They do not dare to come to her,
In her warm nest.

When from the skies
The lady-moon goes in white grace,
(No matter in what secret nook
My love be hid) she finds the place,
And leaves a tender piteous look
In her dear eyes.

When in some fit,
The rose doth of the sunbeams tire,
And of the bees, her mouth that seek,
She maketh up a sweet red fire
Upon my modest darling's cheek,
And there doth sit.

The reason why
She gave her young heart all to me,
She never told, but I do trust
When that which now she loves shall be
A little handful of cold dust,
Love will not die.

"MY STORY."

FROM UNPUBLISHED MSS. OF A PHYSICIAN.

I had taken a small shop in an obscure village, some distance from London, and commenced life as a practising physician. I was a very young man, but with a considerable range of experience in my profession—I had been a punctual attender on lectures brilliant or prosy, had read assiduously, and had what is technically termed walked the hospitals, cut off legs and arms, *ad libitum*, bled, probed, cauterized, and like the roguish boy of Santillane without ever having received a penny fee, had become practically acquainted with nearly all the ills that poor humanity is heir to.

Though I never had a call, or sold more than an occasional dose of salts or rhubarb in the month, there was little healthful influence about Barnwell to develop either the physicial or mental well-being of its inhabitants. The village, or rather villages, for it was a series of hamlets irregularly covered over a considerable extent of country, was chiefly inhabited by miners whose condition was truly miserable and degraded. The men were insolent, disaffected, and intemperate; the women and children little better; all were ill paid, ill fed, and over worked. More than one ale house and gin palace flourished. There were no schools for the young, and, but for the old village church and its gray-headed curate, who himself occasionally grumbled, (for he had ten children to feed,) there would have been a total absence of all enlightening influence in Barnwell.

Perched high above the village, rose soft swelling hills, beautifully planted, and covered with handsome villas and stately mansions, inhabited occasionally by the owners of the vast mining country around. If I expected any practice among these gentry, a week in my new domicile undeceived me, for I learnt that when any of the great people of Barnwell were taken ill, they sent off to the metropolis, and in as short a time as possible a fashionable London physician arrived. However, these were not the days of steam and telegraphs, and my sanguine temperament fondly whispered that in case of some apoplectic alderman, or dyspeptic judge being seized with a fit, I might be called in, gain his confidence, and be established as family physician.

One day a servant, whose plain, dark livery I instantly recognized as that of the Earl of Arden, the principal mining proprietor in the place, rode furiously up, and hastily securing the animal to the lamp post, called in eager, agitated tones, for me.

"For God's sake, sir," said the servant, a respectable, middle-aged man, "make all the haste you can up to the Hall, Lady Emily Arden has had a fall from her horse, and is, we fear, dreadfully injured."

"I will be with you in a moment," I exclaimed, scarcely less agitated than himself.

The man's manner, though perfectly respectful, was slightly confidential; and when he informed me that his lordship's valet, and a special courier had been already dispatched to London, for the most eminent of the faculty, he evidently wished to convey the idea, that the more haste the better, as it would be decidedly to my advantage to be first in the field.

I had hardly ascended the stately entrance of Arden Hall, when I was ushered into the presence of the earl. He was pacing up and down the library, in a state literally bordering on distraction. The apartment was a truly regal one, and at any other time, I would have paused to admire those lofty arches of carved oak, laden with precious tomes, and the soft mellow light that streamed through the stained windows upon the busts and statues of sages and ancient worthies adorning the walls, but the earl engrossed my whole attention. He was an elderly man, of a full habit, with harsh, saturnine features, a heavy eye and inflexible mouth. If physiognomy is an index to character, I was not astonished that his lordship should be unpopular, for certainly I had never seen a more unamiable one.

He stopped in the middle of the room, as the servant announced me, fixed a pair of fiery, irascible eyes full on me, then bowed pompously. The man was in grief, yet he could not relax his dignity. He was cold and freezing as an icicle.

"You are a physician, sir, I presume?" said he.

I bowed.

"You will not incur much responsibility. My family physician, Sir James Willeston, will soon be here; until then, sir, try what can be done."

I inquired could I see my patient at once, for the slightest delay might be fatal.

He touched the bell. "Smith," said he, to the servant that appeared, "tell Mrs. Janet to take this gentleman to Lady Emily's room."

I found myself in a stately chamber, with an atmosphere of exquisite perfume floating like incense around. A female form lay on a couch in a half swoon, for restoratives had been applied and she was gradually awaking to consciousness. Oh! how unlike her haughty sire, lying there like a sculptured statue, she seemed to me more radiantly lovely than I had supposed aught earthly could be—never had I felt so slender, soft, and delicately moulded a wrist. A matronly woman removed a light scarf which had been temporarily thrown over her shoulders, for she was partially undressed.

"Look at her arm, sir," said the woman, "we had to cut off her ladyship's habit to get it off."

I tenderly felt and examined the limb. It was the right arm, and indeed presented a frightful appearance to an inexperienced eye. I found it was fractured both above and below the joint of the elbow, beside general contusions on the shoulder, extending to the collar-bone. I was thankful that such a case was not left in my own hands, and that further advice was coming. Not that I distrusted my own skill—but my patient was the daughter of an earl, and when I thought of his stately lordship, to use his own words, I did not care to incur much responsibility.

I placed my case of instruments on a table, and was about to prepare some splints, lint, and bandages, which I had brought with me, when I heard the harsh voice of the earl behind me, saying—

"You are a young man, sir, and you will be kind enough to do nothing for the present, but what is absolutely necessary, until my own physician arrives."

Here a low moan broke from the lips of the sufferer. The earl wrung his hands. I begged him to withdraw, for fear of agitating her, as the slightest excitement would bring on fever.

"I will not infringe again, sir. But my beloved child, how she suffers!"

Assisted by Mrs. Janet, the housekeeper, and her ladyship's little French maid, who was only kept from sobbing and screaming by my threatening to send her out of the room, I dressed the arm, applied a cooling lotion to the shoulder, administered a light opiate, and having completed my task, I went in search of his lordship to report my opinion of the extent of his daughter's injuries.

"Compound fracture! Good heavens! And you think that amputation may be necessary?"

"Not absolutely, my lord, unless mortification should unhappily set in. In that case, there will be no other resource left to save life."

"Do you consider her ladyship's case a dangerous one?" said the lord.

"To speak frankly, my lord, it is a doubtful one at present; but I have seen similar ones in which the patients have rapidly recovered, and that without having the advantages possessed by her ladyship, youth and a healthy organization. Using my own judgment, I never amputate but in an extreme case."

After a pause, his lordship spoke in more kindly tones than he had yet used.

"Indeed, sir; then you have had more experience than your age would warrant the supposition of."

"Two years close attendance on the London hospitals, my lord, will give a considerable share of that melancholy experience," said I.

"True sir, and I trust Sir James will be of your opinion. How long do you think the effects of this opiate will last?"

"Not quite an hour, my lord; it is merely an anodyne to soothe and allay fever, and will have more a restorative than lethargic effect."

His lordship left me.

That moment two gentlemen jumped out of a tilbury, and rapidly ascended the steps. A few moments more of suspense and I was about to ring the bell, when the same servant again entered and summoned me to a consultation with the newly arrived.

I entered the drawing-room; two gentlemen were seated at lunch, one a wiry, little, black-eyed man, very elaborately dressed, slightly bowed—the other, a stout, foreign-looking person, who was writing at the table, scratching his pen very audibly over the paper, merely raised his head; but I caught a rapid glance from a pair of intellectual gray eyes, which had in them a twinkle of sly humor, almost indescribable. Throwing some sand over a sheet of hieroglyphics that looked like spiders crawling over a wall, he turned his large keen eyes on me."

"How long, young gentleman, have you been in attendance here?"

"Only an hour and a half before you came."

"What are the nature of her ladyship's injuries, Mr. ——"

"Elton. Compound fracture of the arm, and other severe contusions."

"What have you done?" said the little man, squaring round and facing me.

"Simply applied a lotion, splints, and bandaged, until further advice arrived."

"Do you think the arm must come off?" said the stout gentleman, whom his companion called Sir James.

I was about to answer, when the little man said, "Certainly it ought. I never demur in a case of compound fracture, but lop off at once."

Sir James, I saw, still kept his eye fixed on me, and I ventured to say that if the patient possessed even the average amount of health and strength, she might get over it better by not amputating the limb.

"Better! how do you mean, sir," said the small man, almost savagely.

"Why, said I, mutilation will be dreadful to a young person possessed of so much to attach her to life, and would, I think, kill her ladyship at once; while there is hope, at least for the present."

"Yes, sir, and when mortification sets in nothing can be done."

Sir James laughed good-humoredly, as he said: "Our young colleague takes a poetic as well as a professional view of the case. Come, gentlemen, said he, rising, I promised his lordship, who is suffering accutely, not to keep him long in suspense."

The patient was seen, both physicians were pleased to say that my treatment had been skillful and judicious. Surgeon Harris, a man of great professional fame, was still for amputation. Sir James, for the present, coincided with me. The surgeon pocketed a handsome fee, and withdrew, while I and his friend returned to the drawing-room.

"Your name did you not say was Elton?" said Sir James.

"Yes, sir. Charles Elton."

"Ha! Was your father an officer?"

I replied in the affirmative.

"The same then. I served with him in India. Poor fellow, I heard that he was dead, but did not know he had a son. You are talented and good-looking, do you do well here?"

I thought he looked hard at my shabby, and even patched coat. I blushed wtih youthful *naivete*, and in a few words poured out the history of my life, and my ineffectual attempts to make my way in the world.

He smiled, but it was with a kind of sad gravity. He then asked me a few general questions and handed me the paper on which he had been writing. "Knowing Lady Emily's constitution, I have written here a few suggestions for the benefit of who ever I might find here before me, for I expect to be called away on a peculiar and important case. I rather agree with your view of the case than Harris's, but then if the slightest gangrene appears, we will have to take off the arm."

"Certainly."

"Here is my card; you can correspond with me. Anything that my experience can suggest, you shall have. I will speak to the earl. For the present, I leave the case with you. Good-bye. If you succeed here, come to London."

I left him to return to my patient. She was sensible and calm. An experienced nurse was in attendance, who promised to report to me every half hour. Sir James did not go until the following morning, leaving Lady Emily visibly improving. The earl, who was earnestly striving for a seat in the new cabinet, ventured to go up to London, and I was left alone—alone in that noble mansion, through whose splendid saloons I paced as endowed with a new vitality. I had never before been the inmate of such a regal dwelling, and yet it seemed my senses drank in with familiar appreciation, every luxury and comfort around me, as if accustomed to them. Was it some revelation of the spirit that whispered me that one day I should stand a master, if not within those stately walls, in others as princely and magnificent?

Sir James Willeston, I often heard from. I never read one of his cheering letters that tears did not rise to my eyes. It was a weakness, but the friendless and forlorn are more than ordinarily sensitive.

For three weeks my attendance was unremitting. The limb rapidly knit, and showed no tendency to after delicacy. My beautiful patient was fervent in her expressions of gratitude, for she persisted in saying that she was indebted to me for not losing the arm. Louise, the little French maid, had told her of my opposition to Dr. Harris, a fact that the lively soubrette had overheard, and had amplified most considerably.

"Not, Dr Elton," she said, "but I would, I trust, have submitted patiently to God's will, but I am glad for my father's sake, for it would have almost killed him."

She was indeed lovely, both in person and character. Even to the cursory observer, there was a peculiar charm about her that riveted the attention—something that made her more than beautiful. There was ever in her deep blue eyes that gentle, dewy softness of expression, that makes woman so angelic, and on her lips that smile of sunny cheerfulness that tells of happiness.

Was it wonderful that I yielded madly to the new and delightful sensations of my heart. Yes, I loved—loved with all the fervor and purity of a first affection. When the reality of of my presumption broke on me, it was as if a thunderbolt had fallen at my feet. I paced wildly up and down my chamber; I was about to fly. My eyes fell on a sealed letter, directed to me, which lay on the table. It was from the earl, returning his acknowledgments for my services in pompous but laconic terms, and stated that he would avail himself of my vicinity whenever any of the inmates of Arden Hall should be ill. With it was a checque for three hundred pounds.

A few weeks back and such a sum, with promised patronage, would have been fortune—literally golden fortune—showered upon me; now one deep feeling, more engrossing because hopeless, swallowed up every worldly thought and consideration, and I cared not for them.

But an event or events occurred at Barnwell, that for a time swept even Emily from my head. A fever broke out among the inhabitants with such desolating violence, that there was scarce a cottage in the village or scattered over the hills, that did not contain one or more dead, and in less than a fortnight the green little churchyard was freshly turned up, and covered with new mounds. There was no other medical man to assist me; my assistant was a mere boy, and was almost beside himself with the multiform nature of his duties; yet, though I almost sunk under it, I could not neglect the unhappy beings who seemed, as it were, flung by Providence on my compassion.

It was a terrible period, and succeeded by a worse one. Almost all the mining and manufacturing districts of England were in a state of dissatisfaction at the time; men from the different counties visited and fraternized with each other; secret societies were organized; inflammatory placards and papers were dispersed, and angry groups collected in the forges and ale-houses, loudly discussed their social wrongs.

One man in particular made himself conspicuous. His name was Tom Blunt, or Long Tom, as he was generally called. Though thoroughly imbued with the leveling doctrines of Jack Cade, he was an honest, good-natured young fellow, and felt a good deal for the miseries of his class. Though illiterate, he had sufficient frothy eloquence to form a mob orator. The rich man wallowing in wealth, the poor starving, sickness, hard work, and high-priced food were Long Tom's themes, reasons sufficient, in all ages, for grumbling and revolt.

At this crisis the inmates of Arden Hall returned from a visit to London. The earl had been always unpopular, but when a deputation of the miners, headed by Long Tom with a written list of their grievances, were dismissed with haughtiness and contempt, fatal consequences might have ensued, had not Emily ordered several barrels of ale, and an ample supply of whatever provisions could be collected, to be distributed among them. This changed the popular tide, and after discussing the good cheer, they peacefully retired.

One night I was riding home rather late, when my attention was attracted by the red appearance of the sky. As I rode on, I saw lurid flames bursting out in the direction of Arden Hall. I spurred my horse wildly on, and flew rather than galloped over the ground. The stately mansion—the pride of the earl—was in flames; a large mob, armed with pikes and old guns, were assembled in front of the lawn. I heard a sullen murmur from several voices, "The doctor, he'd better mind his own business."

I knew my late exertions had endeared me to most of the villagers, so I looked round to see if I could recognize any of them, but most of the party had their faces blackened.

"It's no good, Doctor, to speak to us; we're sworn to give bloody Arden a housewarming," shouted one.

"Fiends! miscreants!" I shouted, "where is the earl and his daughter?"

"Oh, we ain't so bad as that," said a man near me; "we've saved the folks' lives."

"Where? how?" I exclaimed.

I saw a group of the servants weeping and shrieking, and I sprang towards them.

"Lady Emily—the earl?" was all I could say.

The woman screamed when she saw me.

"Oh, Doctor Elton, for God's sake, save my darling mistress. Lady Emily is inside. She went back for Louise, who had fainted."

I waited to hear no more. I waved my hand frantically to the miners, crying, "If there is a man among you, follow me." I did not wait to see whether I was obeyed, but dashed through the blazing portal. The marble stairs and gilt balustrades glowed like molten lead, but I felt nothing. I reached the first corridor; the fire from beneath had burned through whole suites of the lower rooms, and literally an area of red flame separated me from the wing in which I knew Emily's apartment was situated.

I uttered a yell of horror, as a succession of piercing shrieks fell on my ear, and inflamed almost to the brink of madness, I was about to cross the fiery gulf by walking along the portions of joists and half burnt beams that stuck out here and there from the walls, when some one seized me. I turned and saw the stalwart form of Long Tom.

"Stop, Doctor, I know a better way than that. Quick—the roof is blazing over their heads."

We bounded down the stairs. Twice the stout miner winced and uttered a terrible curse, as the red tongues of fierce flame caught his face and hair, but I felt nothing until I had climbed the burning walls at the other side of the mansion, and found the senseless form of Emily clasped to my throbbing heart.

It was an awful moment; the flames were literally within a few feet of the poor girls, who must have fallen in their efforts to gain the window; beams of wood, rafters, and burning ashes were falling thick around. Long Tom caught up poor Louise, and dashing out the window sash, we obtained a temporary respite by leaping out into a little terrace beneath.

We had a full view of the lawn. The mob were swaying backward and forward; we saw a body of military. There was a struggle, and shots were fired in quick succession. In vain I shouted for a ladder—all was excitement and confusion. Twice I saw the earl of Arden rushing wildly through the mob, but he never looked up, but seemed like one bereft of reason.

"We must try again, Doctor, before the roof falls on us," exclaimed Tom. I sickened when I looked into the room we had left. There was no chance from that quarter; it was filled with a dense smoke from the half-charred roof, that would have been death to encounter. "Look, sir, here is a little door," exclaimed Tom, joyfully pointing to a gate at the end of the terrace, half hidden by the ivy. It was locked, but a vigorous kick from Long Tom sent it in. We were safe. It led to the conservatory, and a flight of steps led us down upon the lawn. I felt faint, but I heard a prolonged cheer. It revived me. I staggered on. I only remember the earl's face looking haughty, passionate and vindictive, as I resigned my precious charge into his arms. A dull leaden weight fell heavily on my brain, and sense and consciousness forsook me.

When I recovered I found myself in the little parlor of my shop, with Long Tom and my terrified assistant leaning over me.

I had warded off a falling beam from Emily, and had received a blow from it. The poor fellow assisted the boy in putting me to bed, and making some tea.

"I must be off now, doctor, for I'll have to hide a bit after this business. Over twenty poor fellows have been handcuffed and carried off. But it's no matter; it's in a good cause, and we'll set all England in a blaze or have our rights, for all the parsons in the country can't make it clear to me that the lazy rich are to have all, and the toiling poor nothing."

I was not able to rise for several weeks. During that time I heard nothing from Emily. Mrs. Janet at last called; the family were in London, but she was staying for a few days with her sister. Lady Emily, she said, was recovered, and had desired her to express her gratitude to me. The earl, she said, had been in London some days previous to the fire. He only arrived to see the mansion in flames. He had vowed, she said, never to live in Barnwell again.

Mrs. Janet left; she said that Lady Emily would write to me, but weeks and months rolled on, and I heard nothing. I could not resume my old life quietly, for Barnwell and its people had become distasteful to me. I recollected Sir James Williston's advice to go to London. Yes, I would go again, and try that El Dorado of genius, talent and mediocrity. I wrote to Sir James. He answered me with his usual kindness, and told me to come up at once. He mentioned that the earl of Arden and Lady Emily had gone to Germany. Not a word or line had been sent to me. "Oh, the gratitude of the great," I murmured bitterly.

I threw myself again into the arena of London *life, this time with better success, for I appeared under the fostering rays of the sun of patronage.* Even a very slight effort on the part of Sir James Willeston could have insured me ample practice; but he did more, for his was one of those noble natures that never do things by halves. I found a magnificent mansion, carriage and servants, and all the etceteras necessary to procure a professional man *eclat* with the public, placed at my disposal, and before six months had elapsed, I found myself steadily on the road to eminence. Blessed with that rare treasure, a true friend, I might have been happy but for the haunting remembrance of my beloved Emily, whom I felt convinced loved me.

Seated one morning at a late and solitary repast, I took up the morning paper, which my housekeeper had just laid on the table. I started at the first paragraph that met my eye.

"Suddenly, of apoplexy, at Baden, the Right Hon. Earl of Arden. It is rumored that his lordship was about to return to England on a high diplomatic office." A long genealogical descent was closed by saying, the deceased peer is succeeded in his vast estates by his only child, the beautiful Lady Emily Arden.

I mused for a few moments on the vanity of all sublunary grandeur. By-and-by other thoughts stole in. Did Emily remember me yet? True, she could only surmise, with a woman's instinct, that I loved her, for my lips had not dared to breathe the words that glowed within my heart. I grew sadder; if there was little hope for me when the earl lived, there was less now; how many brilliant alliances would await the proud and wealthy peeress. Proud, the word jarred on my nerves; I felt it could not apply to my gentle, angelic Emily.

Six months had rolled on, when, walking one morning through Hyde Park, an open carriage dashed past. I was so absorbed in thought, that I did not perceive the horses running away until a faint scream reached me.

I turned and rushed after the carriage. The coachman and outriders had lost all command over the animals, for they reared and kicked so furiously as nearly to raise the vehicle to a perpendicular position. I succeeded in getting before them, and seized the reins just as the horses came, with a dreadful shock, against one of the large trees that grew on the sidewalk. The servants sprang down instantly, and I gave the coachman the reins, with directions to hold them firmly whilst I went to inquire into the situation of the occupants of the carriage. A familiar voice greeted me.

"Bravely and gallantly done, doctor, by Jove! a cool head and a strong hand."

I looked up, and saw the stiff, portly figure, and wicked gray eyes of Sir James Willeston. He grasped my hand.

"God bless you, my boy, you have saved our lives. Another start from those wild devils, and we were done for. Come up beside me, my boy."

I heard, but my senses scarcely comprehended what he said. My eyes fell on a lady in deep mourning seated opposite him. It was lady Emily Arden, a little pale from fright, but beaming in bright and peerless loveliness.

"You are fated to save my life," said she, as she placed her soft hand in mine.

I did not release that little hand again. I felt that whatever reasons existed for her silence, she loved me.

I will not dwell upon the felicity of my lot. Without my knowledge I had had a warm advocate in Sir James, who had surmised my love. Emily had written to me to thank me for saving her life on leaving England, but the lively Louise had forgotten the letter, putting it into her trunk instead of the post. She had frequently heard of me from Sir James, but that gentlemrn had thought it better and wiser that I should get no inkling of her ladyshsp's solicitude in regard to me, knowing that if I had attained the most brilliant position possible in my profession, I could never have hoped to attain her hand in the lifetime of her haughty father.

We were married at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, in the presence of a few select friends, and retired to a pretty little estate I had purchased in Devonshire, but poor Barnwell was not forgotten. The following year, by Emily's direction, a magnificent mansion rose from the ruins of the old. Neat cottages and a school-house were built. Poor Mr. Marlow got the living of Barnwell, the old rector having died of the gout, brought on by high living and no work. The general amelioration of the inhabitants rapidly followed. Long Tom had turned poacher. I promoted him to the office of game-keeper, old Ralph being dead, in which capacity he proved a terror to his quondam associates. The poor fellow had imbibed a *tendresse* for Louise since the night of the fire; according to poetical justice the lady reciprocated, and they were married.

INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

Addison considered nothing as more mysterious than the instinct of animals, which sometimes rises far above reason, and at others falls infinitely short of it. He could not venture to pronounce it a property of matter, neither could he, on account of its extraordinary effects, regard it as an attribute of an intelligence. He therefore looked upon it, like gravity in bodies, as an immediate impression of the First Mover, and as the Divine Power operating in its creatures.

There cannot be a more judicious comparison than this. As gravity imparts to a body the skill to pursue invariably the shortest way to the center of the earth, without having the least consciousness of this action; so instinct directs animal bodies to their natural destinations, as though Nature herself had thoroughly instructed them in the secrets of her views; and thus they perform actions which are consonant with the laws of wisdom without knowing anything of the matter. As Nature has endued physical bodies with peculiar properties, such as gravity, attraction, and the like, so has she bestowed others on animal bodies; and if we may be allowed the expression, incorporated the most essential maxims of her wisdom into living machines, just as an artist makes an automaton that performs certain human actions, but in other respects can do no more than any other machine. The whole animal kingdom is full of instances of this sort. It is not out of respect, as every reader will easily believe, that a certain beetle described by naturalists, buries the dead moles and toads which it finds, but the instinct which teaches it to subsist upon those animals, and to deposit its eggs in them, impels it to this action. The pigeons which are trained to carry letters to distant places are not more sensible than other pigeons: nothing but the blind instinct to return to their young governs them in this proceeding. It is requisite that they should have left young at the place to which they are to fly; and lest they should take a fancy to stop by the way to drink or to wash themselves, their feet are dipped at their departure in vinegar. The Soland geese in St. Kilda steal, as Martin informs us, the grass out of one another's nests, *not for the sake of stealing, but because they pick up grass wherever they find it, to form a soft depository for their eggs: and as these geese live together in* flocks of many thousands, they find it everywhere in the nests of their companions. Highly as Ulloa extols the almost human caution and intelligence manifested by the mules in America in descending the lofty mountains, yet a closer examination will show that it is nothing but the fear of falling at the sight of the precipices, which occasions all their caution, without any farther consideration. If at Lima they stand with their legs wide apart when they hear a subterraneous rumbling, this proves nothing more than a habitual mechanical action acquired by frequent repetition; because when the earth shakes, they are obliged to assume a firmer position with their burdens, and they take the noise and the earthquake for one and the same thing, since the one invariably accompanies the other. Such is the real history of the supposed intelligence and cunning of animals. Nature must have known how far it was necessary for the skill which she conferred on animal bodies to extend, in order to the attainment of the purposes of self-preservation, self-defence, and the propagation of their kind. So much is certain, that all these instincts have their appointed limits, beyond which no animal can go; and hence it is, that the animals, so long as they follow their instincts, perform actions of apparently astonishing intelligence, but in other respects are so stupid as not to manifest the slightest trace of cunning in their operations. A hen, whose providence and perseverance we admire, when she lays her eggs in some sequestered spot, where she sits on and turns them, and almost sacrifices herself in her attention to them, bestows the same pains on a lump of chalk which is put under her. She leads her chickens about that they may learn to scratch up the ground and to seek worms and insects. At the same time she will tread upon one of them, and affrighted at the cries which the pain extorts from it, she clucks to warn and to soothe it; but yet she has not the sense to raise her foot and to set it at liberty. A lobster will, with inconceivable dexterity, snap off his leg when one of his fellows seizes it with his claw; but if you put one of his legs between his own claw, he will not have the sense to open his claw and to remove his leg, but breaks it off, as if there were no other method of releasing himself. The ostrich hatches her eggs, as it would appear, for the purpose of having young ostriches; she nevertheless quits them for every trifle, and leaves them to perish; nay, she will even break most of them herself for the purpose of feeding with them the young ones which she already has. This bird has, moreover, the silly instinct to swallow everything that comes in its way, without discriminating, like other animals, whether it is hurtful to it or not. An ostrich once swallowed several leaden bullets hot from the mould. The crocodile would multiply with dangerous rapidity, were it not so stupid as to devour its own young, according to the testimony of Ulloa. Thus, too, the male tiger destroys its own species in its young; and it is observed of the bug family, that the female is obliged to use the greatest precaution to defend her eggs and her young from the male. The ascent and descent of larks are the result of an instinct implanted in those birds, which they follow without any consideration; for they do the very same over the sea as upon land, and hence frequently perish in the water. A thousand other examples of this kind might be adduced. They prove that these actions, which seem to manifest so much intelligence, are but the actions of a machine, adapted to certain particular purposes, and that to those purposes alone this apparent intelligence extends.

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TRY AGAIN.

The first failure often leads to a better endeavor, and to a higher and more permanent triumph. Late success is the most complete and lasting, because it is achieved by energies exalted and wisdom matured by previous mistakes and failures. "There is no use!" says a feeble and desponding mind, when its first attempt is unsuccessful. "I will try again," says a mind of another and a better order. "I think I see what caused my former failure, and I will guard against it. Circumstances may prove more favorable. Perhaps I have failed to show me that success must be sought with more simplicity and humility of heart from the Giver of all good. The object is a good one, and *I will try again.*"

One of the projectors of our public charities beheld the building which he had erected by years of labor wrapped in flames. When every exertion to put out the fire had proved unavailing, he stood calmly looking at the terrible spectacle with the panic-stricken inmates and neighbors around him. At length he said—"There were many defects in that building which I shall remedy in the next." There spoke the unconquerable purpose, which even from disaster and apparent ruin derives the incentive and *opportunity* of a higher success! And he *did* erect another building, corrected and improved as he had proposed.

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more!" In those sublime and pathetic words has our great poet embodied the object of unflinching perseverance and indomitable determination.

Nothing is worth doing which is not worth repeated efforts. Nothing is worth doing which is not to be done through opposition, difficulty, ridicule, and, by consequence, many defeats and failures. History has not thought it worth while to record any other triumphs than those which have been achieved over incredible difficulties by a courage which nothing could daunt and a perseverance which nothing could weary. The siege of Tyre by Alexander, the discovery of the American continent by Columbus, the Reformation in the 16th Century, the establishment of American independence, the abolition of the Slave trade by Wilberforce and his co-laborers, the application of steam and electro-magnetism to locomotion and communication—(we hope, and do not doubt, that the perfection of submarine telegraphy will ere long be added to the rest)—all these, widely different in their merits and moral aspects, are examples of that heroic energy which obstacles and dangers only serve to exalt to its highest and most powerful form.

Nor is it necessary that this heroism (for it is the true and the only true heroism) should have a world to witness or history to record it. It is often manifested in the humblest walks of life, and in forms which will never be fully appreciated till all human actions receive their exact and impartial award from Divine wisdom and justice.

AUTUMN TINTS.

What more gorgeous than the tints of autumn? All the colors of the prism mottled upon the wooded hill-side; a golden glory over the orchards; scarlet banners in the marshes, and to the sympathetic eye magnificence every where. The dogwood, that flowered in the earliest spring by every way-side, so common as to be scarcely noted, how splendid its reddening leafage; and the humble sumach, behold its fiery plumes along the hedges. The queenly maple blushes under the smile of the harvest season, and the royal oak, king of the forest, mossy with age and ivy-crowned, he too puts on the many-hued garb of the declining year. Mother Earth is never so beautiful, never so spiritual as in Autumn. Treading toward her wintry tomb, the hectic of dissolution flushes her cheek with unwonted splendor, while she bears on her brow and in her bosom, flower-wreaths more rare than ever rustled from the lap of Summer. Autumn's robes and smiles are all queenly, and she treads the hills and valleys with a pomp of color and fragrance.

OCEAN AND LAND PERILS.

Our age is a fast and triumphant age—fast in everything else more than in its care for public comfort, and the protection of human life. We have observed, without ability to account for it, save on the score of superior recklessness, that in Great Britain and this country the per-centage of deaths by ocean and land disasters, in proportion to the population, is far greater than in other countries using the same means of travel. This has been determined by careful and thorough collations of statistics. And we regret to say, that as compared with Great Britain, the United States stands lowest in this regard. Our civilization beats in man-killing as in everything else. We can get up bigger railway and steamer disasters, and more of them, than any other nation on earth. We can make land and water more jubilant with the music of Enterprise, or noisier with the agony of wounded and dying men and women; until the last terrible disaster on the ocean, the burning of the "Austria," we had not been beaten in that line.

We like speed, enterprise and all that, as well as the fastest Young American, but we are getting tired of this smash-up, burn-up and kill-off travel system, whether it be American or foreign. That the larger part of it is the fruit of carelessness, incompetence or recklessness, is beyond question. As regards steamers, it arises from the ill-manner of their construction or the ill-capacity of those who have charge of them, while with railroads, the bulk of disasters may be set down to carelessness or deliberate recklessness. These easily removed causes have environed steam travel with peril—so much so that many, very many, are kept from venturing on any kind of steam craft. It is the imperative duty of Governments to compel every remedy, and impose every penalty, that can aid in making steam travel safer, on the ocean and on land. There need not be one railroad collision—and most of the disaster is from collision—and steamers may be made fire-proof as well as houses. The loss of the "Austria" is a frightful commentary on the inefficiency and recklessness that have, within half-a-dozen years, consigned more than that number of first-class steamships, and some thousands of human beings, to the ocean's depths. Our lakes and rivers have been equally prolific in scenes of destruction—so have our railway lines. And we can recollect nothing done by legislation to mend this state of things, save the compelling steamboats to substitute chains for tiller ropes. We do trust that a bill will be passed at the coming session of Congress, providing that every American ocean steamer shall be built as fire-proof as is possible to human skill. Had the "Austria" been so built, we should not have been called to lament her burning, and the consequent loss of over six hundred precious lives—most of them in the midst of horrible tortures.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

At the recent celebration of the forty-fourth anniversary of the battle of Plattsburgh, (at Plattsburgh, Sept. 11th,) General Wool and Commodore Paulding were present. The former participated gallantly in the land action, and the latter in the conflict on the lake. We scarcely need remind our readers that the Americans were gloriously victorious in both of those bloody battles. Wool and Paulding were soon promoted for their heroism on the occasion. Their attendance at the celebration was in compliance with the invitation and universal desire of the people of Plattsburgh, by whom they were greatly honored. Both made brief speeches in answer to their formal reception, and Commodore Paulding closed with the following noble sentiments:

> "My patriotic pride is based on the belief that my country is not willing to oppress any people, simply because they are unable to resist; and I am certain that no true American will ever seek to advantage his country by acts dishonorable or unjust. The Republic must do no wrong."

These sentiments were evidently called forth by prior allusions to the arrest of Walker and his robber band, and their utterance was greeted with tumultuous applause by the assembled thousands; and we are quite sure that they will be honored wherever true patriotism prevails. It was stated by one of the reception speakers that the Walkerites had already commenced a prosecution against Commodore Paulding in the courts of this State for heavy damages, and that the government had refused to defend him, "but," added the speaker, "if the Executive will not defend and protect him, Congress and the people will, even as they did General Jackson, when he was tried and fined for punishing enemies of his country." We doubt not such will be the case. We have heard a bit of secret history touching the treatment of Commodore Paulding by the government, that we may be tempted to disclose if it be not made known otherwise during the forthcoming trial.

BOSTON ON THE 17th OF SEPTEMBER.

Boston keeps her birth-days. And she has reason. It would be well perhaps if all persons and communities would make their anniversaries occasions of recollection, thought, comparison, forecast. But few histories are more suggestive, in all these aspects, than that of Boston. Just two hundred and twenty-eight years ago, *i. e.* on the 17th of September, 1630, the name of Boston was given to "the Trimountaine" on which the noble city now stands, with little expectation of its future greatness. Shortly after, one of the chroniclers of the time speaks of "the town of Boston as well and advantageously situated, the neck (or breadth of land between the marshes) in the rear being only half a quarter of a mile wide, *whereby it is easily defended from the wolves.*" One enactment of the Colonial Council in those early times was "to cut a road some ten miles westward into the wilderness, *it being not likely that there would ever be occasion to penetrate any farther.*" And there is that westward road, gradually produced through the last two centuries, till, in one form or other, it has reached the Pacific; and here is Boston, with its vast population, its high culture, its enormous opulence—in every respect, one of the great cities of the world! No wonder that it keeps the anniversaries which mark the periods of such history—the stadia of such a development!

They were good men and great men who laid the foundations of Boston—her material and moral foundations—men of strong Christian faith and deep religious reverence. They were the right sort of men to found a great city, and to begin a great and a long history. We hope the Bostonians will never forsake "the good old paths," nor forget the venerable and illustrious names of their early history.

A Lesson of the Gold Region.—Gold seekers find their labor most productive as they work up towards the source of the stream; the heaviest particles being, of course, carried the shortest distance. A large nugget is seldom floated down the stream. So it is in everything. Ascend, continually, towards the source. The pure gold of knowledge, truth and happiness must be sought at the fountain-head.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ONE SORT OF FOOL.

How I like a fool—a genuine fool, who is obliviously unconscious of the fact. Life is too dull at best; a fool has his mission, and where's the harm of laughing, invulnerable as he is in his panoply of self-conceit? The fool I am thinking of this moment, however, is of the feminine gender—one who loomed upon my astounded vision in the cabin of a ferry-boat, gorgeous as a shivered rainbow, or a bed of variegated tulips, or a garden of staring sunflowers, which challenge notice, flauntingly forbidding quiet passers-by to go abstractedly on the winding way of their various duties and avocations. Thus challenged, I of course surveyed my challenger. Heavens! what an array of millinery and mantua-making was spread over that human lay-figure. What a vapid, inane face that gay bonnet framed; what big feet those cream-colored gaiters betrayed! What a sweep of flounce, and ruffle, and ribbon and lace. What an all-over consciousness of "go-to-meetin'" fixin's, in every lineament and limb! What a *haven't I done it now?* in every defying glance? It was astounding. I was mentally knocked over and stultified. And as if this were not enough, the woman actually had the sacrilegious presumption to perpetuate herself in a child which she led by the hand, a little four-year-older, bedizened in orange and black, and green and blue, and pink and purple, effectually stifling all the graces of childhood, if such a mother had bequeathed any. A little tottling bunch of brilliant drygoods, happily putting an end to its existence, however, with double handsful of sugar candy, which the mamma was supplying without stint or limit. Disgusted steady-going business men gazed and sighed like a pair of bellows, as they inwardly said to themselves, in the language of that eminent philosopher, Pop Weazel, "That's the way the money goes." Young men tittered, and old matrons wondered how her kitchen closets and cupboards, her pickle and preserve jars, looked at home. Meanwhile the child, unobserved, strayed from the maternal side to take a survey of the cabin, looking curiously round, much as you have seen an organ grinder's monkey. "George Washington!" We all started patriotically at the sound of this honored name, shouted from lungs that would not have disgraced an omnibus driver; only to collapse again, smothering with laughter, as George Washington's mamma seized him by the belt, splitting her pea-green glove in the operation, and deposited him right end up with care upon the seat by her side, well pleased with her maternal prowess, and putting only a favorable construction upon the grinning faces around her.

There's a great deal of human nature in ferry-boats; but be advised by me, and don't, if you can help it, get into one early, when the inveterate expectorators are abroad, and before the ladies, "God bless 'em," (as the men say when they shut them out after dinner,) have done us the favor to clean the cabin floors with their sweeping silks and brocades. Don't get into one early in the morning, when fingers are performing the office of combs, and quill toothpicks are rife. One is apt to be dainty at the belt at sunrise.

Fanny Fern.

PARTLY THEIR OWN FAULT.

There is much complaint about the low estimation in which mechanical labor is held. There is room for this, for labor is man's natural privilege, and its sequal is the blessing of health—that balance of all the functions and faculties of man, without which happiness is looked for in vain, and worthy to be held in the highest possible esteem. Now, is not this low estimate of the class referred to and their pursuits, at least in part, their own fault? We believe it is. Instead of seizing every opportunity presented for the improvement of themselves individually—for the increase of their stock of information as to their particular pursuit and things in general—too many of our mechanics are found idling away their leisure hours in the silliest manner possible. While knowledge is power, as the familiar and universally accepted proverb has it, the want of it must be weakness. And how, then, can those who neglect to acquire it expect to have weight in the community? The expectation is preposterous. In order to be sure of the respect of others, men must show that they respect themselves. And so of particular avocations. If those who follow them act as if they, themselves, did not regard them as respectable—taking no pains to improve the processes of labor, and doing so and so because they have been *told* to do it, and never inquiring into the why and the wherefore—how can they expect to keep pace with the onward and upward march of the age, and challenge respect accordingly.

THE SEEKERS AND THE SOUGHT.

The places of public trust in this country are fast changing hands from those whom they (it may be said) have sought to those who seek them—from the sought to the seekers. Yearly the number of the former class seems to diminish, while the latter increases with discouraging and disgusting rapidity. Now and then we read an appeal from some political journal to its readers to give nominations to the sought rather than to the seekers. But, judging by the heedlessness with which the appeal is read, and the almost entire disregard of it which follows, one is led to suspect what their readers seem to feel, namely, that it has only been put forth for "political effect," and with but slight concern for reform. And so the evil continues and increases in frequency and force. In this state of things we shall look in vain for that class of public servants—"servants of the people" in reality, and not in the hollow mockery of a name—represented by Cincinnatus, anxious to go back to his plow, which he left nobly to serve Rome, as Dictator, in her sorest need, as he did the moment his services could be dispensed with; and Washington—scarce less a Dictator in his wondrous sway—resigning his sword the moment its needful work was done, and long refusing to serve more than a single term as President. Would that we could have such *sought* ones in office now, instead of the insatiable *seekers* who crowd so clamorously around the public crib!

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST DISASTERS.

The newspapers teem with suggestions for preventing the burning of vessels at sea and the saving of passengers on such occasions; but they omit the best security of them all, and that is, men—brave, self-possessed, competent *men*, not only among the officers but also among the passengers. Ten good men would have saved Sodom and the other "cities of the plain" from a worse conflagration than modern times have witnessed; and so would *ten good men and true* save the passengers on almost any occasion of ship-burning at sea.

MARRIAGE.

We are glad to see that all attempts to weaken public regard for the sanctity of marriage, as instituted among us, are almost universally, as well as immediately, frowned down. Since the world began mankind have tried a great variety of modes of sexual relationship, and from free-love, or no-wifeism, up to the largest measure of polygamy or bigamy, abundant experience has shown that the Christian marriage—one man mated with one woman—is, in all its issues, the best that has ever been conceived. Indeed, if it had not the superior sanction of Divinity, its individual and general results would vindicate its claims over all the devices of man. All other forms of sexual intercourse bear the brand of the lower passions that suggest them, while the Christian union of man with his "helpmeet" is naturally and rationally suggestive of purity and sacredness. All elevated sentiment, and all true social economy protest against legalized polygamy; against all free-loveism that proposes to be governed solely by the fickle impulses of passion—for it is sensual passion, alone, that is impatient of the "decent restraints" of true wedlock. Every human institution, however divinely appointed, has in its working some imperfection, as the necessary result of our finite nature, and there is no denying that our Christian marriage bears its share of abuse; but its abuses and evils are so few, and its benefits so many, compared with all other systems, that we may well cling to it as the greatest of moral and social safeguards. The few who denounce it are chiefly those who have broken over it from some ill-governed impulse or passion, and who, to vindicate their own vagrant judgment, would turn entire society adrift. We are heart and hand for Christian marriage, and would have its sacredness guarded by every possible means. In our opinion, the rupture of this holiest of bonds is now rendered too easy by various legislative sanctions.

THE OLDEST INHABITANT FLOORED.

After an enormous amount of "ciphering" the astronomers have decided that the comet which recently visited us, was last previously seen in these parts some four thousand years ago. This announcement completely keeled over our venerable friend the "Oldest Inhabitant." It knocks from under him all foundation for telling what was said about the comet "when he was a boy." Four thousand years is too much even for his indefinite memory. As to the comet itself, it was an unspeakably beautiful thing, and we regret that pressing engagements elsewhere compelled it so soon to take leave of our field of vision. What the "prerogative" or use of comets is, we shall be glad to have settled at the earliest convenience of astronomers. They now seem to be the "roving blades" of the planetary family—wild, reckless fellows, that dash away at random, regardless of sober orbital regulations, sowing their wild oats and shaking their tails promiscuously through infinite space.

AN INHUMAN FATHER.

A little girl, who has for some months begged from door to door in Brooklyn, was recently found by a gentleman, sitting on the steps of his house, and crying bitterly. On being interrogated, she said the reason she cried was because she had not "got her basket full," and that if she went home without getting it full, her father would whip her. The gentleman called a policeman, and with him accompanied the child home, though the distance was long, when, to his astonishment, he found that the father was one of his own employees, who owns a house and two lots in Brooklyn, and is otherwise well off. It seems that he has been in the habit of sending his children to beg in districts far from his neighborhood, and lived on the proceeds of their degradation, while he hoarded the money earned by his own labor. It would not be a bad plan to ferret out the homes of all these young beggars, in order that it may be known who are and who are not deserving of charity.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF NOVEMBER.

The coming twenty-fifth of November is an American anniversary of unusual interest. It will then be just one hundred years since the French surrendered Fort Du Quesne (now Pittsburgh, Pa.) to the English, and thereby terminated the dominion of France over the middle and western portion of America. On the occasion of that surrender, George Washington, as a colonel of the British army, marched into and took possession of Fort Du Quesne. Just twenty-five years thereafter, on the twenty-fifth day of November, 1783, the same George Washington, as Commander-in-chief of the American army of the Revolution, marched into the city of New York, as the British troops left the shores of the island forever, thus putting a triumphant climax upon the great drama of the War for Independence. It seems to us, therefore, that this coming anniversary should be commemorated with unusual significance.

OFFICIAL TURPITUDE.

Many of our city officials improve every conspicuous opportunity to curry favor with the rowdyism and rascality of the metropolis, by sneering at and misrepresenting the efforts of decent people to secure a proper observance of the Sabbath. The latest specimen of this truckling to the basest elements of society, was exhibited in the Recorder's recent charge to the grand jury. The elevation to which that young man has been raised seems to have been too much for his mental equilibrium, or else the vitiated atmosphere in which he discharges his official duties has had a deleterious effect upon his moral nature.

IMPROVED HIS MANNERS.

A foppish young New Yorker being lately in Louisville, Ky., thought he would quiz a rough-looking countryman whom he met on the porch of the hotel, and asked him how much corn he raised. The Kentuckian, giving him a piercing glance, replied, "Enough to make ten barrels of whiskey, besides what we *waste for bread*," clutched the scented popinjay by his neck-tie, held him out at arm's length a moment over the railing of the porch, and then let him drop on the sidewalk. It was observed that the fop's manners were vastly improved from that moment.

A SHARK STORY.

William Besant, a South Carolina fisherman, reports that, "a few days since one of our boats was capsized by a shark, and we lost nine men by drowning. We succeeded, with harpoons and by shots, in killing the shark, which was 29 feet 6 inches in length. In his stomach we found the skeletons of two children, also a sturgeon, a pair of boots and a boat-hook." A tough story, although it is confirmed by several witnesses.

The stock of the Atlantic Telegraph Company is rapidly falling to the lowest notch, in London.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Many a heart is as hideous as a comic almanac, with humanity in fits and spasms, that has not a single thought of beauty wherewith to bless itself. And these distorted fancies become imperishable things; they hang from memory's walls; they sit upon the heart's threshold; they are tenants for life; they make a blue-closet of the soul.

Man is a compound being, created to fill the wide hiatus that must otherwise have remained unoccupied, between the natural world and the spiritual, and he sympathizes with the one in his death, and will be associated with the other by his resurrection.

A novelist tells of two lovers, who agreed to wave their hands toward each other, at a certain hour, across the Atlantic ocean. One might suppose there would be *waves* enough between them without their trying to make any more with their hands.

Forensic eloquence may be said to lose in comprehension what it gains in acuteness, as an eye so formed as to perceive the motion of the hour-hand would be unable to discover the time of the day.

A writer in one of our medical reviews says that if a cow is diseased, the milk is necessarily diseased too. We understand that the common treatment of diseased milk is the water-cure.

Mr. William Hood was robbed near Corinth, Ala., on the 13th inst. The Corinth paper says that the name of the highwayman is unknown, but there is no doubt that he was Robbin' Hood.

A horse-jockey, who incautiously burned his fingers by taking up his toast from the fire, and broke the plate by letting it fall, observed that it was too bad to lose the plate after having won the heat.

The mist that hangs like silver curtains around the plains before sunrise, and is lifted by day's golden cords out of our sight, has death in the woof; it is woven here and there, of fatal threads.

No doubt there is room enough in the world for men and women, but it may be a serious question whether the latter are not taking up more than their share of it.

The water that has no taste is purest; the air that has no odor is freshest; and of all the modifications of manner, the most generally pleasing is simplicity.

The rain which we shake from our feet may be metamorphosed into a mulberry leaf, and ultimately revisit them in the form of silk stockings.

We are often told to imitate nature. Still we shouldn't imitate her too literally. We needn't dress in green velvet through the summer because she does.

A correspondent at Niagara describes eloquently the beauties of what he calls "a Niagara autumn." He is evidently enjoying a pair of *Niagara Falls*.

Two cousins, named Crickett, were married last week in Jefferson county, Kentucky. We are opposed to such cricket-matches.

Good dinners have a harmonizing influence. Few disputes are so large that they cannot be covered by a table-cloth.

A man in battle is not allowed to whistle to keep his courage up, and the whistling of the bullets doesn't have that tendency.

Dogs of every kind, setters, pointers, bulls, Newfoundlands, mastiffs and terriers, are all *lap* dogs—when they are drinking.

The great Author of all made everything out of nothing, but many a human author makes nothing out of everything

We prefer brunettes to blondes. What is a snow-scene compared to the rich and various coloring of an autumnal landscape?

The grave is the gate through which we pass from the visible to the invisible world. Let it be festooned with flowers.

Gravity has been well defined to be a mystery of the body invented to conceal the defects of the understanding.

Genius has limits, virtue has none; every one pure and good can become purer and better still.

The painting of a lady's lips, like the formal mumbling of prayers, is but useless lip-labor.

An idol is what many worship in their own shape, who would be ashamed to do so in any other

The religion that costs us nothing is worth exactly what it costs.

Men cannot expect to take pleasure unless they are willing to take pains.

"Yours is a very hard case," said the fox to the oyster.

CURRENT ITEMS.

Three men were recently suffocated by foul gas, in a well at Willow Spring, near Chicago. The first not giving signs of life after he got down, a second descended to see what was the matter, and he tumbling from the bucket in which he was let down, when he neared the bottom, a third then descended cautiously to see if he could fathom the mystery. He met with the same fate as the second, and the people becoming alarmed, left the bodies in the well.

A citizen of Portsmouth, England, not long since bought four cents' worth of oil of vitriol, four cents' worth of spirits of salts, and four cents' worth of sugar of lead, mixed the whole together, and swallowed the compound, for the purpose of committing suicide. In a short time he assumed an appearance frightful to look upon; the blood burst from his nostrils, ears, and eyes, and he died in terrible agony.

A short time since a young lady named Barber was seriously injured at Rondout, N. Y., by being thrown down by a horse, as two men were racing in that village. A couple of gentlemen ran to her assistance, when the horse kicked one of them on the forehead and instantly killed him. The other gentleman was also seriously injured.

A few years ago a negro living near Cynthiana, Ky., was accused of murder. Soon after, the negro was killed by a white man named Morrison. About a year ago, Morrison was killed by his brother-in-law, named Whalan, and Whalan was himself killed recently by a man named Phillips. Who is to kill Phillips has not yet been determined.

There is a rumor in the East, that the Christians of Thessaly, Epirus, and Greece, are soon to be set upon and massacred by the Mussulmans of those countries, and the Christians are thereby kept in a constant state of terror. Should such a butchery be done, the Mussulmans would soon be "rubbed out" by the civilized nations of the world.

A Virginia paper says that an aged gentleman, who recently died in that State, had voted for every President of the United States since the foundation of the Republic. If that be so, then that old gentleman must have been a great turncoat, and had a remarkably strong instinct for the winning side.

A young lady of Atlanta county, Miss., recently sued a young man for breach of promise, laying her damages at ten thousand dollars, which she didn't get. Had she claimed only two thousand dollars, perhaps she would have got it. Girls and their lawyers must not be too extravagant in such cases.

A young man of Limerick, Ireland, recently had to leave the British realm on account of pecuniary embarrassments, who, when he came of age two years ago, had $250,000, in bank. He soon squandered that amount, and then ran in debt to the enormous sum of $2,000,000.

A board of commissioners has been appointed in France, to hunt out every place and house in which Napoleon the Great ever lived or entered; and every such place or house is to be permanently designated and marked with an appropriate motto.

The crime of "vitriol throwing" seems to be spreading over the country, as we notice that the Mayors of several cities have offered rewards for the apprehension of the miscreants engaged in the nefarious practice.

A Paris newspaper says that two hundred thousand pounds weight of women's hair is annually sold in France, and that the price paid for it averages six cents an ounce.

A Mr. Chouquard, of Dallis county, Texas, recently shot an eagle on his plantation, which measured ten feet from tip to tip of its wings, as it was in the act of carrying off a yearling lamb.

An old lady named Edgerly, who had reached the great age of one hundred and seven years, recently died at East Corinth, Me

A correspondent of New Kent county, Va., gives an account of the suckling of two pigs by a cat, in his neighborhood

Hailstones from three inches to four and three-fourths inches in diameter recently fell in Cleveland.

THE ONLY SON.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The beautiful! the gone before!
Whose infancy of love
Came like a messenger from God
To lead our thoughts above,
Whose tiny hand made burdens light,
Whose smile extinguished care,
The pressure of whose velvet lip
Made rayless midnight fair.

The beautiful! the gone before!
Who woke love's deathless flame,
The echo of whose step could make
All other music tame;
Upon whose youthful arm we leaned,
(Forgive us, Lord!) with pride,
Into whose eye we look'd for joy
If all were dark beside.

The gone before! the beautiful!
We must not wildly sigh,
Although the life-blood of the soul
Is oozing through the eye;
But take Heaven's discipline in love,
And meekly bow the head,
Even tho' the hearth and heart are lone,
And earthly hope be dead.

The gone before! the beautiful!
List! List! their words we hear,
"Waste not your time for us to mourn,
Whose meeting is so near;
Even now the rustling of our wings
Doth stir the zephyr's voice,
Upon our glittering robes ye tread,
Look heavenward and rejoice."

RICHARD HOFFMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XCIV.

THE STORMING OF DELHI.

The siege train had arrived, and the rebel host, who had braved the might of England, were hemmed in the doomed city of the Mogul by her stalwart sons, eager to retrieve the honor of the flag treachery and surprise had gained a brief triumph over.

It was about this time that General Wilson, who had succeeded to the command, issued the following proclamation to his impatient soldiery:

"The force assembled before Delhi has had much hardship and fatigue to undergo since its arrival in this camp, all of which has been most cheerfully borne by officers and men. The time is now drawing near when the major-general commanding the force trusts that their labors will be over, and they will be rewarded by the capture of the city for all their past exertions, and for a cheerful endurance of still greater fatigue and exposure. The troops will be required to aid and assist the engineers in the erection of the batteries and trenches, and in daily exposure to the sun, as covering parties.

"The artillery will have even harder work than they yet have had, and which they have so well and cheerfully performed hitherto: this, however, will be for a short period only, and when ordered to the assault the major-general feels assured British pluck and determination will carry everything before them, and that the bloodthirsty and murderous mutineers against whom they are fighting will be driven headlong out of their stronghold or be exterminated; but to enable them to do this, he warns the troops of the absolute necessity of keeping together, and not straggling from their columns—by this can success only be secured.

"Major-General Wilson need hardly remind the troops of the cruel murders committed on their officers and comrades, as well as their wives and children, to move them in the deadly struggle. No quarter should be given to the mutineers; at the same time, for the sake of humanity, and the honor of the country they belong to, he calls upon them to spare all women and children that may come in their way.

"It is so imperative, not only for their safety, but also for the success of the assault, that men should not straggle from their column, that the major-general feels it his duty to direct all commanding officers to impress this strictly upon their men; and he is confident that, after this warning, the men's good sense and discipline will induce them to obey their officers, and keep steady to their duty. It is to be explained to every regiment that indiscriminate plunder will not be allowed; that prize agents have been appointed, by whom all captured property will be collected and sold, to be divided, according to the rules and regulations on this head, fairly among all men engaged; and that any man found guilty of having concealed captured property will be made to return it, and will forfeit all claims to the general prize; he will also be liable to be made over to the provost-marshal to be summarily dealt with. The major-general calls upon the officers of the force to lend their zealous and efficient co-operation in the erection of the works of the siege now about to be commenced. He looks especially to the regimental officers, of all grades, to impress upon their men that to work in the trenches during a siege is as necessary, as honorable, as to fight in the ranks during a battle. He will hold all officers responsible for their utmost being done to carry out the directions of the engineers; and he confidently trusts that all will exhibit a healthy and hearty spirit of emulation and zeal, from which, he has no doubt, the happiest results will follow, in the brilliant termination of all their labors."

This address produced the happiest effect. Every Englishman's heart was in his arms, and each labored as if he had a brother's death, a sister's outrage to avenge.

On the fourteenth of September the troops moved to the assault.

Amongst the regiments most impatient for the attack was the gallant 01st, thirsting to add fresh laurels to those they had won in many a well-fought fight.

Although worn and confined to his quarters from the wounds he had received and the great amount of fatigue endured in the defense of the temple, Sir Charles Fourreau insisted on leading his men in person. It was in vain that the doctor remonstrated; for once the entreaties of his wife and Lillian proved unavailing; neither could shake the veteran's determination.

"I must do honor to my spurs," he exclaimed, in answer to their representations—he had lately been promoted to the rank of brigadier; "and then, Bell, a little rest may not come amiss. I shall have earned it."

"You have earned it already," was the reply of his officers. Plinlimmon alone remained silent, for his advice might have been misconstrued, as the command of the regiment, in the event of its being followed, would, as a matter of right, have fallen upon him.

It was a sad trial for Lillian, as well as her adopted mother, that day destined to be so glorious in the history of British warfare in India, for Richard had decided upon taking part in the assault as a volunteer. As a matter of course, Jack Manders and Caleb were to join him; both would have felt themselves cruelly treated at being excluded from any danger in which he shared.

Those who were present will never forget the cheer which broke from the ranks of the 01st when the men recognized the stately figure of their colonel. There was a feeling of love and admiration blended with it, for they looked upon him as their father.

Stock, as usual, rode with him as his orderly.

"I am not going to make you a speech, boys," said Sir Charles. "There is no occasion; we know each other too well by this time."

"We do," shouted the men, greatly excited.

"You have heard the general order," continued their commander; "mercy to the wives and children, but no quarter to the rebels."

A wild cry arose, in which the words "Cawnpore" and "the women" were distinctly heard.

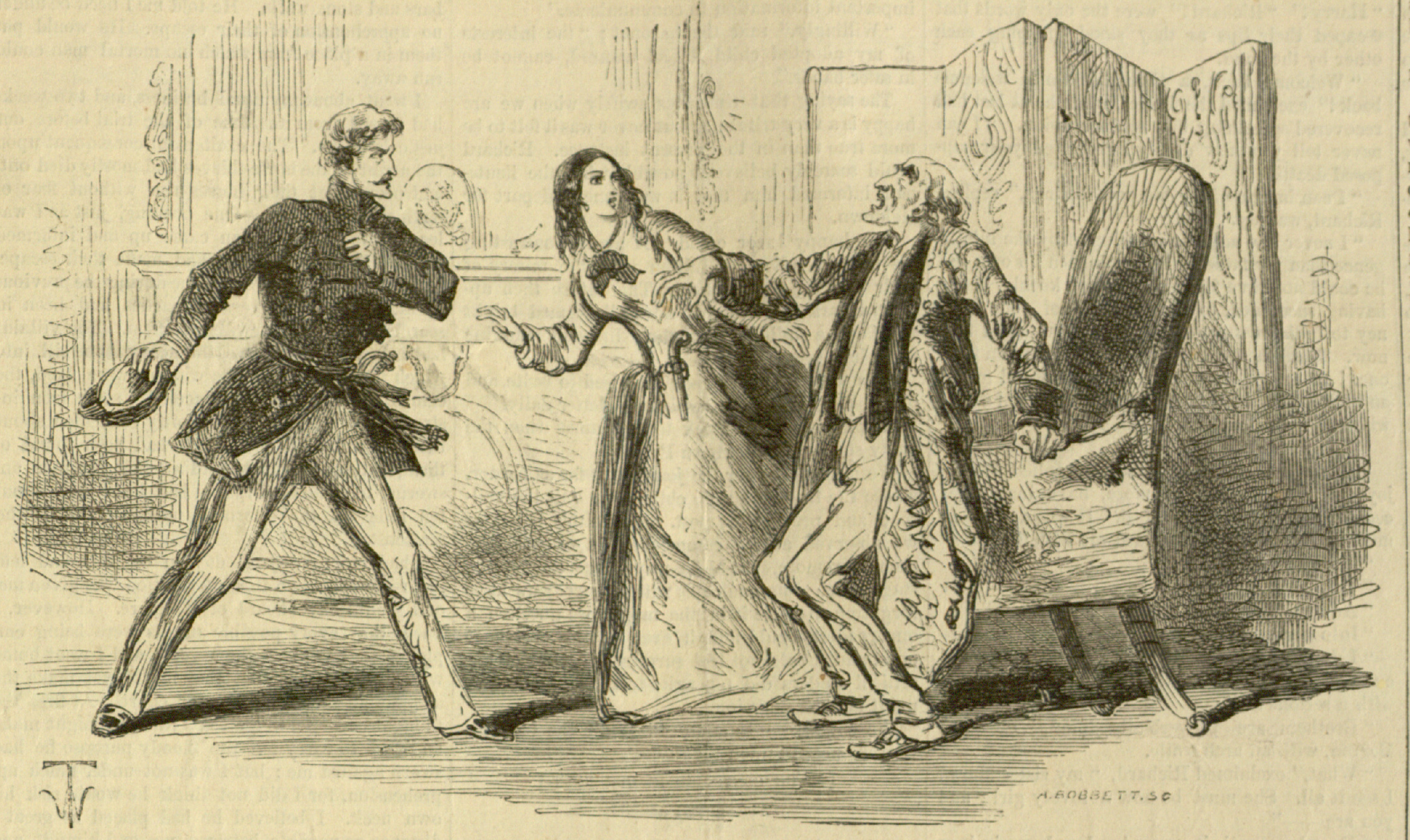
"I shall add nothing about plunder," added the baronet. "This day we fight for the honor of England, and to avenge our slaughtered countrymen; and the 01st, I am well assured, will be the last regiment engaged in the assault to forget it."

The enthusiastic huzzas of his men were lost in the yet louder roar of the artillery, which now opened on the doomed city, pouring an iron shower upon her guilty palaces and blood-stained holds.

Perhaps the most gallant achievement of the day was the blowing in of the Cashmere Gate in face of the enemy. Under a fire which swept the approach, and laid many a brave fellow low, Lieutenants Home and Salkeld, Sergeants Smith, Carmichael, and Burgess, and a party of sappers, undertook the heroic task, the 60th Rifles covering their advance. Unappalled by the shot which scattered death around them, these devoted men crossed the shattered drawbridge, and placed the powder-bags in position.

The rebels set up a cry of despair.

Sergeant Carmichael was killed just as he had completed the laying of the powder; but what could daunt the bravery of Englishmen?—not death, for the gallant fellows looked him sternly in the face, and sent back frown for frown. The wild cry of triumph from the rebels still rang in the air, when Lieutenant Salkeld advanced to fire the train; but he too fell, and the shouts of "*Dean! dean!*" were repeated.



THE LAST EFFORT OF JEALOUSY.

The wounded officer raised himself, and, with a look of defiance, handed the slow match to Corporal Burgess, to whose memory the honor of having fired the charge is due—an honor purchased with his life; for, at the instant of the explosion, he fell never to rise again.

Thrice did the buglers sound the call for the 52nd to advance, and nobly was the signal answered. With a hearty, true British cheer, the serried columns dashed forward and carried the gate, scattering the rebels who defended it before them like a flock of terrified sheep; and before nightfall the assailants found themselves in possession of the enemies' line of works from the water bastion to the Cabul Gate.

The city yet remained unwon; the lion had planted his paw upon his prey, but it still struggled desperately to free itself. The Sepoys, knowing the fate that awaited them, fought on the following morning, when the contest was renewed, with all the courage of despair; for what mercy could they expect who had shown none? From street to street the battle raged, the wild yells, the maddening cries and fearful imprecations, by which the infuriated Hindoos sought to excite each other, were answered only by a single word from the British; but that word had a spell in it which nerved each heart and hand. "Cawnpore!" from rank to rank it was repeated in the deep, stern tones of retribution. If the avenging column paused beneath the shower of grape and missiles, poured on them from the roof of every house and palace, their hesitation lasted but for an instant; the name of "Cawnpore!" was shouted forth, and, with terrible determination, they resumed their march, tracing their path in blood and flames.

It was evening before the men rested from the work of slaughter, and not then, until a breach had been effected in the magazine, which was taken at daybreak by a detachment of the 01st; the gallant fellows sprang forward with such fury to the charge, that the Sepoy artillerymen dropped their lighted port-fires, and fled without discharging their guns.

Six heavy pieces, loaded to the muzzle with grape, commanded the breach.

On the following morning the Bank and its extensive grounds, formerly the residence of the Begum Sumroo and her adopted son, the unhappy Dyce Sombre, fell into the possession of the British, and enabled them to bring their guns to bear upon the bridge of boats and the palace. On the same day the Jumma Musjid was stormed, and the adjutant-general of the army reported to government the capture of 206 pieces of artillery, besides enormous quantities of shot, shell, percussion caps and other warlike *materiel*. But this prize had not lightly been won. Eight officers, 162 rank and file, and 103 native soldiers, had been killed; fifty-two officers, 510 rank and file, and 310 natives had been wounded. One-third of the entire storming party had been rendered unfit for service; but the survivors were sufficient to complete the occupation of the city and suburbs by the evening of the 20th.

"Spare the women and children!" Nobly were the words of the general responded to by his excited soldiery, who, maddened by no common wrongs—stung where Englishmen are most sensitive, in their affections, their homes, their wives, and little ones—stayed their red hands, and respected the lives of those who, in few instances, had shown pity to their own sex or helpless infancy. But to the men no quarter was given. Without a word from the conquerors, the bayonet did its work; thousands fell, and yet they appeared untired. In the assault and taking of Delhi the cruelty, perjury and treason of the pampered Sepoys were terribly avenged.

Amongst the regiments which had taken part in the tremendous struggle, the 01st was not the least distinguished. Led by its veteran colonel, who twice had his horse shot under him, it bore the brunt of the attack upon the arsenal, where Sir Charles ultimately fixed his quarters. Completely worn out by the fatigues of the day, the old soldier and the major were about to snatch, if possible, a few hours' repose on the rough couch of war which our hero, with the assistance of Jack and Caleb, had prepared for them, when Doctor Burke rushed into the hall in a state of most joyous excitement.

"What has occurred?" demanded the baronet, calmly resuming his sword.

"Nothing—that is, nothing to alarm or regret, but, on the contrary, to rejoice at. India may truly be termed a land of wonder—its miracles will never cease—the dead have returned to life."

"Bah!" exclaimed Plinlimmon, testily, "that passes even your skill."

"But not the goodness of Providence," replied the worthy man. "Wharton——"

On hearing the name of his friend, Richard started from the ground, on which he had thrown himself. His heart divined the rest.

A hearty shout from the guard at the entrance of the building was heard, and the next instant the young officer made his appearance, still wearing the disguise in which he had accomplished his perilous journey; Absal followed, his loyalty to the English had been wonderfully increased by the sight of the half-won city.

Then followed the warm pressure of friendly hands and words of congratulation, interrupted by questionings and exclamations of wonder at his miraculous escape.

Wharton concluded his narration by pointing to his companion as his preserver.

"Gallant fellow!" said the major, placing his heavy hand on the shoulder of the Hindoo; "I for one feel myself his debtor."

"So are we all," observed the colonel, in a tone somewhat less enthusiastic, for he had detected the quiet smile of his officer. "His reward shall not be wanting. Would all his countrymen had been equally faithful."

"Have I not eaten the Company's salt?" replied the ex-soubahdar; "whose dog am I that I should forget it? As for the rebels," he added, "they are asses and the sons of asses, to dream of resisting the Feringhees. Fools! dolts! idiots! they are rightly served."

The old man concluded his tirade by a series of not very complimentary remarks respecting the wives and mothers of the rebellious Sepoys, the usual manner in the East of expressing the most profound contempt.

"Alas!" said Wharton, when the party had recovered from their joyous surprise, "to think that I should arrive too late to share in the glories of victory."

"Too late!" repeated Plinlimmon; "not an hour, not a minute; there is plenty of work yet to be done. To-morrow will prove as warm a day as any that have preceded it. One hour in Delhi will suffice to win an age of glory."

"What would I not give for my uniform?" muttered the cornet, in a tone of vexation.

His wish was gratified; Jack Manders procured him one, stripped from the body of an officer who had fallen in the attack upon the Jumma Musjid.

At the first dawn of day the contest was renewed. True, the rebels no longer fought with the hope of victory to sustain them—that had long since deserted them; but they fought for their lives—fought like wild beasts surrounded in their lair, with no chance of escape

A portion of the palace still held out, although the phantom monarch and his sons, accompanied by the ministers of their cruelties, had fled to the tomb of Hoomayoon, from which retreat they were eventually dragged by the gallant Hodson of the Guides. The life of the king, on account of his great age, was spared, together with the begum's Zenat Mehal; but the three princes, his sons and grandson, who had commanded the massacre of helpless women and children, and gloried in their shame, were shot like dogs, and their felon carcasses exposed in the Kotwalee, or Mayor's court, like those of any ordinary criminal.

During the last eventful day, Wharton found ample occasion to distinguish himself by his cool, determined courage. Where the fight was hottest, the carnage reddest, the young soldier might be seen, eliciting by his intrepidity the cheers of his men, who felt proud of their quiet but resolute leader.

It was in the palace of the Great Mogul, in the Dewan-i-Khas, celebrated throughout the world for its splendors and vainglorious inscription:

> "If Paradise be on the face of earth,
> Here it is, here it is, here it is"—

which the poet, Moore, has so beautifully rendered, that he and Dawlish first met; the latter, having been placed in command of one of the outposts, was ignorant of his return, and the meeting proved fatal to him. He and a party of the 01st were clearing the hall when the cornet, at the head of his detachment, entered through the blazing portals. Surprise at the unexpected apparition of one whom he deemed dead, suspended for an instant the arm of the duelist. That instant proved fatal to him; the tulwar of the sepoy he was contending with struck him down. The wound was mortal.

Long ere the day had closed, India had received a terrible lesson from the Saxon sword. The doomed city was won, and the royalty of the race of Timour numbered with the pageants of the past.

It must have been a glorious sight to have seen the stern victors in that gorgeous hall, which still shone resplendent with barbaric pearl and gold, the scene of so many crimes; to have heard them as they raised the shout of victory, which thousands of voices caught and repeated; even the dying joined in it, and as life ebbed from them, felt that their lives had not been spent in vain, for Delhi was won, and Cawnpore in part avenged. We say in part, for never can retribution be deemed complete while the monster who commanded it still lives to pollute the earth by his blood-stained *tread.*

With the fall of the city of *the Mogul the task* of General Wilson was accomplished. Worn in health by the exertions and anxieties he had undergone, he resigned the command to Brigadier Penney. Not only the general, but many of his officers—some severely wounded, others broken in constitution—were invalided home to England; amongst others Sir Charles Fourreau and Fred Wharton, the latter having received, at the very close of the struggle, a bullet in the chest, which, for some days, threatened to prove fatal.

The parting between their colonel and the 01st was a sad one, and neither Lady Bell nor Lillian, deeply as they rejoiced at the prospect of once more seeing England, could restrain their tears as the men crowded round their carriage, and cheered them on their departure.

Sir Charles, who was seated beside them—for Burke had positively forbidden him to mount on horseback—called for the colors. They were brought him. The gallant veteran silently pressed them to his lips as his adieu to the regiment he had so long commanded and gallantly led.

The journey, in the distracted state of the country, necessarily proved a slow one. Several weeks elapsed before the party reached Calcutta.

"Thank Heaven!" murmured Lady Bell, as the city of palaces rose to her sight, "though much to mourn for, those we love have been spared."

Lillian regarded our hero, Rose her husband, and both mentally repeated her words. As for Manders, Caleb, and Lieutenant Marsh, they were unhurt. The former often repeated to himself the lines of the song the old sailor, Bunce, used to sing to him—

> "There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
> And keeps watch for the life of poor Jack."

On reaching the once gay capital of India, the travelers found the city greatly changed. Frivolity and pleasure were no longer the order of the day; serious and more worthy feelings had taken their place. The storm which had so lately passed over the land—whose distant thunders were still heard menacingly—had left too many traces in its track, and desolated too many homes, for lighter thoughts to fill the hearts of its inhabitants; the lessons of adversity, though hard to learn, leave wholesome witness of their teaching.

> Adversity, sage, useful guest,
> Severe instructor, but the best;
> It is from thee alone we know
> Justly to value things below.—SOMERVILLE.

As our readers may naturally suppose the first inquiries of the party were for the Chutnees.

The jealous husband, they were informed, lay at the point of death; and every one spoke in the highest terms of the untiring devotion with which his young and beautiful wife watched over him.

"How like Zamora!" exclaimed Lady Bell, in a tone of admiration. "Such conduct is the only vengeance a heart like hers can take."

That same evening she wrote to inform her friend of her arrival. Wharton was the bearer of the note. For reasons which all who have loved can easily divine, our hero felt no inclination to quit the side of Lillian.

"It will, indeed, be a glad surprise," observed Sir Charles, "for rumor, I find, has been busy with her idle tongue. Our friends here are reported dead."

Richard thought of his grandfather, and the pang which the intelligence he well knew must have inflicted in the old man's heart.

Entering his palanquin, the messenger set out at once for the residence of Mr. Chutnee, where the last painful scene of a selfish life was drawing to its close.

Herbert Chutnee knew that he was dying. On quitting the world he expressed but one regret; it was not for the wealth he must resign, though it had been the toil of years to amass it; it was the thought of leaving his young and beautiful wife that haunted him, and made the grave appear so terrible. Could he have taken Zamora with him—immured her in some cell, or assured himself that she would never bestow her hand upon another, the old man would have felt comparatively happy; death would have lost its sting. Each time she approached to minister to his wants, he importuned her upon the subject—implored her with the fevered eloquence of insanity—for there was madness as well as selfishness in the request—to make him but one promise—never again to become a wife.

Failing to extort it, the dying man became moody and thoughtful.

On the same evening that Wharton arrived with the note from Lady Bell, he had directed his servants, during the absence of their mistress, to remove him from his bed, and wheel him in an easy chair into the saloon, where he awaited the return of his wife. There was a fearful determination in his eye, which startled her, when she entered the room. Still, she was far, very far, from suspecting the terrible scene about to follow. Her husband had resolved to make one last appeal to her weakness and unprotected position.

It was listened to in silence.

"All my wealth," he added, after indulging the usual strain of passionate entreaties, "shall be yours if you comply. Will you see me die despairing—wretched?"

Mrs. Chutnee answered him only by her tears. She felt it was a request he had no right to make, and a secret monitor in her young heart warned her not to yield.

"Another's!" muttered the jealous husband; "she will live to be another's!"

"Those are not the thoughts," sobbed the youthful victim, who was still a girl in years, "which should possess your heart at such a moment. Let me pray with you, Herbert."

"Useless! useless!" repeated the merchant, with bitter energy; "they burn—consume me! Is this the return?" he added, "for a love like mine! A word would calm my agonies, and you will not speak it. Ungrateful——."

"Not that word," interrupted Zamora, with calm dignity, "lest you force me to remind you of the means which made me yours."

"Promise me!" said her husband, sternly.

"Never, Herbert; never!"

This positive refusal appeared to nerve him with momentary strength. Starting to his feet, he caught up a pistol from a pile of Indian weapons near him, and held it to the fair brow of his wretched wife.

"What would you do?" she exclaimed; "die with a murder on your soul."

"I care not!" shouted the maniac, for such it is only charitable to suppose he had become. "Mine in life—mine in death."

Before the wretched man could execute his villanous design, a grasp of iron was placed upon his arm, and the pistol wrenched from his grasp by Fred Wharton, who, from the adjoining room, had been an involuntary listener to all that passed.

Mrs. Chutnee had fainted.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the young officer, indignantly; "have you forgotten there is a God? fear you not to brave Him so near the judgment-seat?"

With a cry of mingled rage and disappointment, the baffled murderer sank back a corse.

Having replaced the pistol on the stand of arms, Wharton summoned the servants, and directed *them to assist their mistress.*

*"Not a word! oh, not one word of this!" mur*mured Zamora, as she was being led from the apartment. "Let the memory of this hour be buried with him."

A look from her preserver gave the promise demanded.

The merchant having died intestate, a considerable portion of his wealth reverted, of right, to the widow, who nobly rejected it, however, in favor of his relatives. She had already sufficient fortune, and bitter experience proved to her how little gold could contribute to real happiness.

On hearing of her loss, if loss it might be termed, Lady Bell and Lillian at once proceeded to her residence, and remained with her till they sailed for England.

Zamora accompanied them.

CHAPTER XCV.

SKIES BRIGHTENING.

It would be difficult to describe the impatience of the heart which, after a long absence, the traveler feels to behold once more his native land. As he approaches the well-remembered shores minutes seem hours, and the swift foot of time changes to the sluggard's pace; visions of home and kindred, smiles, affection's kiss, and friendship's manly grasp grow doubly vivid, and slumber's dreams haunt the waking thoughts.

So strong was the desire of treading again the soil of England, that even Egypt's wonders lost their attraction; home was a spell more powerful than the pyramids to the returning wanderers, who, having taken the overland route, reached Alexandria in time to catch the steamer just as it was on the point of starting for Southampton. Without one sigh of regret for gorgeous Thebes, that monument of regal and sacerdotal magnificence, the Sphinx, time's riddle, or the colossean Memnon, they joyfully embarked.

During the former part of their voyage, Lieutenant Marsh had explained to Lillian the tie which existed between them. His object in leaving our hero in Calcutta had been to visit the distant station where the marriage of his sister with the unfortunate Allan Boothroyd had taken place. It was in the hands of the rebels. Every paper and record had been destroyed.

"Let not that distress you," he frequently urged; "unlike man, Providence never leaves his designs imperfect; witnesses may yet be found."

This was at least a hope, and we know how fondly youth will cling to it.

Seldom had deeper or more tranquil happiness been found than in the hearts of those embarked on board the Fairy mail packet. Sir Charles and Fred Wharton were gradually recovering health, and Rose—the grateful, happy Rose—could gaze with pride upon the manly form of her husband as he trod the deck, no longer a skulking felon, flying from justice, haunted by terrors, but free to meet the world, and throw it back its glance.

"We shall see St. Faith's again," she whispered, "and the kind, familiar faces of our youth. Friends will smile upon us, and welcome our return."

"You forget," answered Mark, doubtfully, "the wrong——"

"I forget nothing," interrupted his wife, with a cheerful smile; "their scorn will be for the heartless woman who tempted us, not her victims."

"How I will work," exclaimed the repentant man. "They must have wily tongues to lead me again to idleness. Rose," he added, and as the words that followed fell upon her ears, the arm of the speaker stole gently round her waist, "never, till misfortune overtook me, did I feel the real value of the treasure I possess. Dearer—dearer to me now than even at the moment which made you mine."

Mark Rayner, we suspect, is not the only husband in the world who has made a similar discovery. The heart of a true and faithful woman resembles in one respect the flower which, when crushed, exhales the most delicious perfume.

There is something contagious in happiness. Even Zamora, at times, forgot the terrible scenes so lately passed through, as she sat listening to the grave remarks of the young soldier to whom she owed her life.

The baronet more than once hinted his suspicion to his wife that her widowhood would not prove interminable—an insinuation which her ladyship very properly refused to listen to, and declard the idea of such a thing preposterous.

Perhaps the kind-hearted speaker reconciled this opinion to her conscience by mentally adding, "*For at least a year to come*;" if so, neither her husband nor our readers have the least right to accuse her of insincerity.

Even Jack Manders and Caleb had their projects; but as it is no part of our plan to declare every mystery at once, we shall drop the vail, leaving it to time, the greatest of all tell tales, to unvail them.

What bright and happy pictures of the future did our hero and Lillian draw, as they sat hour after hour upon deck, watching the vessel breasting the waves, or calculating the distance which still separated them from England. Shakspeare has told us, and every hour's experience confirms the wondrous wisdom of the great reader of the human heart, that the course of true love never did run smooth—that is to say, perfectly smooth. The fair girl had still one drop of doubt which mingled in her cup of happiness, and wisely so—perchance the draught might have been too delicious else. Should it prove that she was the child of the poor soldier, Barney Gee, would the wealthy grandfather of her lover ever give his sanction to their marriage?

Richard smiled at her fears—nay, felt almost angry when she repeated them.

"Vain supposition!" he replied. "The old man loves me. If he has a pride, it is the pride of honor; he is no worshiper of the herald's musty parchments; besides, have I not won the right to choose where my heart dictates? Lillian," he added, "you cannot count the affection that waits to welcome you—a mother's, sister's; scarcely dare I trust my lips to name them; tears drown my words when I anticipate the meaning."

The Fairy touched for a few hours at Malta; and, after a successful voyage, entered the Southampton waters. It would be difficult to describe the feelings of the hero of our tale, or Lillian, when they first caught sight of the still distant shore. Each remembered the circumstances under which they had quitted it—the former his parting with Mr. Bently on the beach, the latter being smuggled on board the Harold, beneath the cloak of Rose.

On reaching London, Richard's first visit was to Mr. Curry. The worthy merchant shook him cordially by the hand, and warmly congratulated him upon his safe return to England.

"You were reported dead," he observed, "and the intelligence has nearly broken my old friend's heart."

"Where is my grandfather?" impatiently demanded his visitor.

"*At Meldown Park,*" replied the former. "*This will be happy news to him; but it must be imparted gently; his health is much shattered.*"

"*Is he there alone?*"

"*Alone,*" *repeated Mr. Curry.* "I guess the motive of your question, and can answer it. Your relative kept faith with you, and became reconciled to his daughter. The papers you forwarded from India enabled him to defeat the scheme of that unprincipled scoundrel, Carus Kearn, to blast the reputation of your father, and the reconciliation, from all I hear is complete."

"*And yet he is at Meldown alone,*" observed our hero, regretfully. "I should have thought that at his age, and under such circumstances, his daughter would have been with him."

"He could not endure the sight of her tears. They were a constant reproach to him," answered the merchant.

"My dear mother, then, knows——"

"She knows nothing," interrupted the old gentleman. "Morton and myself are the only confidants of his secret. Your grandfather could not bring himself to destroy the fond lingering hope of once more beholding her son. Her very life appears entwined with it."

"My poor mother," sighed the youth, "when will your sorrow end?"

"Soon, very soon, my dear boy!" exclaimed Mr. Curry, joyously. "You must proceed to Meldown at once; lose not an instant. I would go down with you myself, but the Indian mail has just arrived, and—let me see—I have it! I will send Banks, my cashier, with you. He is a prudent man, a father, and will know how to break the happy news."

"A thousand thanks for your consideration," replied Richard, "but it is unnecessary. The true and faithful friend who accompanied me to India, my guardian and adviser in every peril, will go with me."

"Lieutenant Marsh!"

"The same, sir."

"Glad to hear it," said the merchant, rubbing his hands; "deuced glad to hear it. A capital fellow—understands business. He has made one or two lucky hits. Yes, yes, you may trust to his discretion. But go at once," he added; "should my old friend read your name amongst arrivals, the sudden shock might kill him."

His visitor informed him that both himself and his companion had taken the precaution of requesting the captain of the Fairy to suppress their names from the list.

"And an excellent one, too," observed the friend of his grandfather. "You are a noble fellow, and —but it would be absurd to offer services to one who, in all probability, will be a richer man than myself; but if ever Curry and Sons can be of any use to you, you may command them."

From the counting-house of his friendly correspondent, our hero returned to Mivert's Hotel, where he had left Sir Charles and the rest of his friends; to them he related all that had taken place in his interview with the merchant.

"He is right," said the baronet; "you must proceed at once to Meldown."

"Pardon me, my first visit ought to be to my mother," replied Richard..

Lady Bell and Lillian looked as if they thought so, too, and smiled approvingly.

"Affection, doubtless, would dictate it," observed the lieutenant, "but prudence says no; the hand that deprived her of you, in justice ought to restore you; your grandfather's motives might be misconstrued else, and estrangement ensue."

There was so much truth as well as good sense in this objection, that the impatience of his ward gave way, and he consented to be guided by the advice of the speaker, who undertook to make arrangements for their departure that same evening.

One of the waiters informed our hero that Mr. Morton had several times inquired for him, and was waiting to see him in his own room.

Richard had not forgotten the claims of friendship on the recollection of his school companion, but despatched the cornet immediately on his arrival in London to break the intelligence to Harry Morton, who had kept the secret intrusted to him at the risk of his own happiness, of which, by-the-by, our readers will hear something more anon.

It was some time before mutual emotion permitted either of the long-separated friends to speak. "Harry!" "Richard!" were the only words that escaped their lips as they stood grasping each other by the hand.

"Welcome back, a thousand times welcome back!" exclaimed the former, when he at last had recovered something like self-possession. "I can never tell you how deeply I regretted your supposed death."

"I can imagine it by my own feelings," replied Richard, warmly.

"I never saw any one more upset by the intelligence than my father. Had you been his own son he could not have felt the loss more keenly. After having succeeded, too, in the object of your journey to India, it was terrible; but never mind that now. Thank heaven, the report has proved a false one. You must have seen much, endured much, and felt much. I trust you have returned heart whole?" he added, with a smile.

"Not quite; and you?"

"Haven't a bit of heart left," replied Harry, joyously; "and, what is more, have long since ceased to regret the loss of it. It was a precious mission, Richard, you intrusted me with."

"But you executed it?"

"Yes."

"And gave my dear mother the portrait?"

"Into her own hands."

"I do not see the peril you speak of," observed our hero, at the same time regarding his friend with a serious air.

"Brothers are proverbially blind," observed Morton, with an arch smile.

"What," exclaimed Richard, "my sister Mary? I see it all. She must be now a lovely girl; and you are——"

"Exactly—that's it—over head and ears in love with her. I could not help it; and now the murder is out."

Then followed a mutual explanation and interchange of confidence, such as only can exist between friends who have tried and proved each other's worth. Our hero felt extraordinarily elated at the intelligence; for could he have chosen a brother-in-law from all the world, Harry would have been the man.

"You cannot imagine," observed the latter, "what I have endured—the test my friendship has been put to; but I kept your secret. First, I had to withstand your sister's smiles; that was difficult enough. Next, her tears; and they were ten times more persuasive. If ever I should make a figure as an Old Bailey lawyer," he added, "I shall date it to the experience I have had in cross-examination."

"Poor Harry, how little did we foresee the result."

"Of course we did not," replied the lover of Mary Hoffman. "Wisely or unwisely, mercifully or unmercifully, Providence conceals such dangers from us, and yet we fall into them with our eyes open. *The intelligence of your death placed me in a most embarrassing position. Trusting to your return, I had promised that a few months should* explain the mystery."

"It will soon cease to be one," said his friend; "I start to-night for Meldown."

"At what hour?"

"Eight."

"I shall be ready," replied Morton. "A note to my father, whose sanity I will scarcely undertake to answer for, when he hears that you are living——"

"Do you really intend to accompany me?" demanded our hero. "This is kind, indeed."

"Say rather selfish," observed Morton; "were I to lose sight of you for a single hour, I should imagine that I had been cheated by one of those day-dreams so often indulged in—so seldom realized."

"I will not refuse your offer," said Richard; "the happiness it affords me is too great."

"Useless, my dear fellow, useless, if you did," exclaimed Harry, with a laugh. "I don't intend to part with you till I have seen you and Mary in each other's arms; then, and not till then, I shall consider my responsibility at an end, and leave you to take care of yourself."

When the speaker was introduced to Lillian, his friend could not avoid noticing the astonishment he evinced. In his present excited, happy state, he had forgotten the circumstance which called it forth.

"Pray, pardon," said Harry, recovering himself; "but, really, the resemblance is so extraordinary that——Richard, you remember the portrait we were both so—that is to say," he added, correcting himself, "that you were so fascinated with at Meldown Park?"

"A family likeness," replied our hero; and looked as if he would have added, "only far more beautiful. Lillian is the niece of the late Sir Norman Boothroyd."

"Not the little girl that—I beg pardon, the young lady who was stolen from her friends at St. Faith's?"

"The same!" exclaimed Sir Charles Fourreau; "though how you became aware of the circumstance, I confess puzzles me to guess."

"Nothing more easily explained," answered the young man. "A client of my father's, one Major Hawley, and his wife, a strong-minded woman, with a quick tongue and a warm heart, have been making fruitless efforts to discover her. The lady is Miss Boothroyd's godmother."

"I recollect the name perfectly," observed Lieutenant Marsh. "My sister frequently mentioned it in her letters to me. Should it prove true that they were the witnesses of her marriage!"

The arrival of the lawyer threw still more light on the affair, although it was some time before he could answer the questions put to him, so elated did he feel at once more beholding the grandson of his friend. Harry declared that he had never seen his father so excited in all his life; the warmth of his congratulations equaled his own.

"If we were not likely to become brothers," he whispered in the ear of Richard, "I should absolutely feel jealous."

Mr. Morton promised to communicate with the major and his wife in the morning, adding that, for the present, it was his advice the return of the young lady to England should be kept a profound secret.

"Do you remember, Miss Boothroyd," he inquired, "a man named Fiddler Dick?"

Lillian had no recollection of the name.

"A sort of mountebank, I believe, who obtained a living by the exertions of several children."

"But too well," answered the fair girl, blushing deeply at the recollection of the humiliation to which she had been exposed.

"And his wife, a coarse, vulgar woman, with beetle brows, and a voice to which a raven's would be music? She calls herself Bet."

Lillian shuddered. Years had not effaced the remembrance of the brutal violence of her former persecutor.

"Do you know such a person, sir?" demanded his son, greatly surprised.

"She is a client of mine," answered his father, drily, "and likely to prove a valuable one. To-morrow," he added, if Sir Charles Fourreau will honor me with a visit, I doubt not but I shall have important information to communicate."

"Willingly," said the baronet; "the interests of my adopted child, I feel assured, cannot be in safer hands."

The saying that time flies swiftly when we are happy is a very trite one; but never was it felt to be more true than in the present instance. Richard could scarcely believe it possible when the lieutenant informed him that it was time to depart for Meldown.

The happy lover could not avoid contrasting his present adieu to Lillian with the misery of their parting in Calcutta. The future then appeared dark and clouded, now, all seemed bright and fair—a smile was on their lips and sunshine in their hearts.

As a matter of course he promised to write, and obtained a promise of receiving a letter daily.

It wanted about a week to Christmas when the party started for Meldown Park.

We must pass over the journey as far as Exeter, where the travelers were obliged to quit the railroad and proceed by post. St. Faith's being, as we observed at the commencement of our tale, such a remote, out-of-the-way place that not a stage-coach communicates with it, surveyors have forgotten to place it in the maps; we question if our readers would find it even on the ordinance ones, and should not feel surprised if some of our critical readers did not write to the authorities to point out the omission.

We will willingly afford them all the information we possess upon the subject.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WHEN THE WEDDING-BELLS ARE RUNG.

BY WILLIE E. PABOR.

When our talk shall be too low
To be heard by jealous ear;
And our walk be soft and slow,
So you scarce our steps can hear
When our smiles shall be as sweet,
And our hearts shall be as gay,
As the sunshine at our feet
In the pleasant month of May,
You will know by each sweet token
We are walking, hand in hand,
Now that all Love's vows are spoken,
In the Happy Marriage Land.

When our hearts shall beat as one,
And our thoughts and wishes blend
When our hopes together run
In the name more dear than friend
When the wedding-bells are rung,
And the marriage service read;
When the bride-song has been sung,
And the sweet responses said,
You will know by each sweet token
We are walking, hand in hand,
Now that all Love's vows are spoken,
In the Happy Marriage Land.

THE HORSE-THIEVES.

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURE.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

For some months there had been a pair of desperate characters prowling about the country, doing all sorts of evil deeds, but making horse-stealing their especial business. It was said (and the report had good foundation) that they were escaped convicts—villains who had once been sent from London to New South Wales, and who had contrived to make their escape and reach this country. That they were desperate was evident enough from some of their deeds, they having repeatedly attempted to kill those who had thought of molesting them. But the precious scamps were at last caught, and brought before a justice for examination and commitment. I was engaged as prosecuting attorney, and made my appearance accordingly, being determined that a case should be made out strong enough to hold them.

I certainly never saw two more inhuman looking fellows who could lay claim to a fair share of intelligence. They gave their names as Job Gilbrand and Luman McCargan. The first was a short, broad-shouldered, bull-necked, low-browed man, with an ugly, vengeful look, and a sort of tiger-like restlessness in all his movements. The second had all of his companion's brutality of expression, without the same look of intelligence. He was taller than Gilbrand, but not so massive in frame. As they gazed around upon the assembled multitude they seemed to have but one feeling, and that was, a desire to exterminate the whole throng. Bloodthirstiness was written as plainly upon their faces as it ever was in the glaring eye of the caged panther. In short, they seemed to have no moral perceptions at all. They were creatures of lust and fear, and knew no other governing principles.

Of course it became my duty to have them committed if possible, and I determined to probe their characters and careers as deeply as possible. I had witnesses enough to swear directly to their horse-stealing; but I was not satisfied with this. They had engaged a lawyer for the defense, and he set up the claim that we knew nothing against their characters previous to the making of the present charge. Here I opened my battery and fired away. I had my witnesses present, and, what they could not swear to, I easily arrived at by induction. I held them up to the gaze of the multitude as the cold-blooded villains they really were; I raked open their former life in England; I brought to light their transportation to Port Jackson; I told of their escape thence; and wound up by fastening upon them many dark crimes since their arrival in this country. I knew that they had sworn to kill any man who should arrest them, and that they had, on more than one occasion, tried to take life. These things made me more bitter than I might otherwise have been. Ever and anon, as I brought up some strong point of rascality, I would turn my eyes upon the prisoners, and I must admit that, even then, with all the zeal of my cause to fire my soul, I could not help shuddering at the glance which Job Gilbrand gave me. It was not a look of hate, nor of anger; but it was an expression of malevolent, demoniac triumph, which seemed to imply that he was perfectly satisfied—I was having my own way now—he would have his in good time.

The result of the trial was just what every body had known it would be. The prisoners were fully committed to await the action of the grand jury. As I arose to my feet I saw Gilbrand beckon to me with his finger. I went to him, and he whispered in my ear,—

"I'll have your life as sure as there is a God in heaven! There aint a prison on earth strong enough to keep me from you!"

The manner of his speaking startled me some, but I looked upon it as an idle threat—not that he might not have the will to do the deed, but I did not believe he would have the power. Still I saw the jailer, and hinted to him that he had better look rather more carefully after these prisoners than was usual with him, for they were old jail-birds, and up to all the tricks of evading bolts and bars and stone walls. He told me I need be under no apprehension of their escape. He would put them in a place from which no mortal man could run away.

I went about my usual business, and two weeks had passed from the time of the trial before our justice's court. The excitement consequent upon the arrest of the horse-thieves had mostly died out, and people let their horses run without fear of having them stolen. One evening, just as I was leaving my office, a man came up and informed me that the horse-thieves had made their escape. They had left the jail sometime during the previous night, and all day various parties had been in search of them, but without effect. The villains had contrived to remove the heavy stone sill into which the iron bars of the window were fixed, the cement having been displaced by some iron instrument which they had adroitly concealed about them. I asked if any traces had been found of them, and my informant told me that two men, answering to their description, had been seen, about ten miles off, that morning, making towards the sea-coast.

I had been away all day on business, and had just returned, when this information was given me, or I should have heard of it before. However, I knew that every possible means were being employed to recapture the rascals, and I went home with strong hopes that they might yet make the acquaintance of our superior court. At first the thought occurred to me that Gilbrand might make an effort to carry out the bloody purpose he had sworn against me; but I was not under much apprehension, for I did not think he would risk his own neck. I believed he had placed as great a distance as possible between me and himself, and that he would not again visit our town except upon compulsion.

My wife had heard of the escape of the two prisoners, but she knew nothing of the threat which had been made against me. I did not tell her of it at the time, for I feared she might worry over it, and of course I meant that it should be kept from her now. My house was near the center of the village, but some way back from the main street, upon a gentle eminence, and surrounded by trees, my garden and park separating it entirely from other buildings.

During the evening I thought the matter over, and finally made up my mind that the idea of Job Gilbrand's coming to put his threat into execution was simply ridiculous. I knew—I knew very well—that he had just the will and disposition to do it, and I believe that it would have afforded him a sincere satisfaction to put a knife to my heart; but I did not believe he would risk his own life, under present circumstances, for any such purpose. Yet, when I went up to my chamber, I examined the pistol which lay in my bureau drawer. My business, as collecting agent for several heavy houses in distant parts of the country, required that I should at times have large sums of money by me, and as many people were aware of this fact, I knew that my premises might hold out golden inducements to daring burglars; so I had, some two years before, purchased a good revolver, which I had kept loaded in my chamber. I never supposed I should shoot anybody; but, in case I should hear the footsteps of intruders at night upon my premises, I should not only feel safer with such a weapon, but the possession of a "six-shooter" gives a man a wonderful advantage in an argument under such circumstances. He can persuade an interloper to leave when mere words might be ineffectual.

On the present occasion I thought I would just examine my pistol, to see if it was all right, for there was no knowing what might happen. If any one should enter the house I felt sure that my wife or self must be awakened, and then the weapon might be an agreeable companion, if nothing more. I saw that the barrels were all loaded, and the caps all sound, and then I put the pistol back into the drawer, and went to bed. My wife asked me what I meant to do, and I told her I had considerable money in the house, and that the circumstance had merely reminded me of my weapon. We laughed over the idea of my killing a robber, and then went to sleep.

It must have been not far from midnight when I was awakened from a somewhat uneasy slumber. I had no sense of having been aroused by anything in particular, only I felt uneasy, and wanted a new position for my body. The moon had been up an hour or more, and was shining through one of the windows, its beams falling directly upon the doorway on the opposite side of the room. As I turned, my eyes rested upon this doorway, and I saw a man standing there. He had, apparently, just crept to the spot, and the moonlight lay full upon him. *It was Job Gilbrand!* Had I met him in the broad blaze of noontime, I could not have distinguished his form and features more plainly. And I saw, in his right hand, a long-bladed knife. Behind him, in the hall, I saw the outlines of another man, whom I took, of course, to be McCargan.

The discovery operated upon me like the shock from a powerful galvanic battery. There was a horrible, deadly fear thrilling through me, and depriving me of both sense and reason for a moment; but the very weight of the terrible circumstance served to nerve me up, and in a very brief space of time I was as calm as need be. I mean my thoughts were all collected, and my instincts sharp and clear. My wife slept on, for as yet there had been no noise, save that something which must have awakened me.

My chamber was a large square room, and the bed was in one corner. The window through which the moonlight came was close by the foot of the bed, and the door that led to the hall directly opposite. This room was in one corner of the main building, so there were two more windows, one near the head of the bed, and another, piercing the same wall, only a few feet off. Between these two windows stood the bureau, there being only the space of one window between it and the bed.

Of course I knew there could be but a few moments for reflection. My motion had caused the assassin to hesitate, but he would not hesitate long. He had come to put his threat into execution, and I knew the man well enough to know that he would do it without the least compunctions, and that no ordinary occurrence would deter him. If I had only given importance enough to previous circumstances, to have been thoroughly on my guard, I should have had my pistol beneath my pillow; but I was wholly unarmed, and a successful stratagem could alone save me. With this grim presence before me my thoughts were very clear and rapid. My first thought of succor—my first hope of safety—was in my pistol. I must get that at some rate. I knew enough of human nature to know what even an assassin would be most likely to do under certain circumstances. Gilbrand did not know that he was discovered, and yet a slight motion of my body had caused him to hesitate. He evidently felt sure of his game, and he could afford to wait until such time as he could do his work with the least noise. It was a clear, cold night, and this circumstance helped me to a valuable thought.

"Mary," said I, speaking to my wife, in a yawning tone, as though I were not wholly awake, "I'm cold."

My wife awoke and asked me what was the matter.

"I'm cold," I replied. "Isn't there an extra quilt in one of the bureau drawers?"

She said there was, but did not seem inclined to be very wakeful.

As I had anticipated, as soon as I spoke the lurking assassin crouched away out of sight in the hall, and I believed he would remain so while I got up and got the quilt. If he did not suspect my knowledge of his presence he would certainly prefer to let me arise quietly, and then get into bed again, than to attack me when I might make resistance; for he had reason to suppose that my wife and self would both be asleep again very soon. And then I could not leave the room to give any alarm without passing directly by him, so he would feel safe on that score.

I leaped out of bed and went to the bureau. I may have trembled some at the thought of a death-blow while I stood there, with my back to the door, but I felt pretty well assured that all would be safe until I got into bed again; and so it proved. I opened the upper drawer first, and grasped my pistol. I muttered something about not finding things where they belonged, and then opened another drawer, from which I took the desired article. As I returned to the bed I allowed the pistol to drop by my pillow, and then I proceeded to spread the quilt in proper order, never once allowing my eyes to turn towards the door. After this I crept into bed again, and as I grasped my pistol and snuggled down, I remarked that I should now sleep with some comfort. By lying upon my left side my face was turned towards the hall, and when I had so arranged the bed-clothes that I could see in that direction without my eyes being seen in return, and my right hand was where it could be free in an instant, I was prepared for the result.

My wife slept soundly again, and, as soon as I judged it judicious, I commenced to snore. The sound had hardly left my nasal organs when Job Gilbrand again made his appearance in the doorway, and close behind him came McCargan. They had removed their shoes, and their tread was noiseless. Gilbrand clutched his knife in his right hand, and it was half raised as he crept forward. Not a muscle in my body moved—not even my heart—and my nerves were like steel. I waited until I could see the cat-like gleaming of the villain's eyes—until I could hear his quick, deep breathing—until his murderous knife was lifted for the death-stroke—and then I freed my right arm and raised my pistol. The movement was instantaneous, and my aim sure, for the muzzle of my weapon was within two feet of his bosom. I fired, and he started back with a sharp groan. In a moment I was upright in my bed, and, more quickly than I can tell it, I fired two shots at McCargan, who had stopped as his companion reeled back, but who fled towards the door as I fired at him.

My wife was awake, but I paid no attention to her cries. Quickly as possible I leaped out of bed, and rushed towards the hall where McCargan had disappeared, for Gilbrand had fallen to the floor, and I considered him safe. And so was the other safe. I found him upon the hall floor, almost lifeless. He could not speak, and, believing that his weakness was real, I hurried back to my room and struck a light. In as few words as possible I informed my wife of what had happened, and when I told her that one of the villains lay upon the hall floor, so that she could not leave the room without passing over him, she had the good sense to hide herself under the bed-clothes.

At this point my man-servant, a stout Irishman, who did the duties of groom and gardener, came stumbling over the body in the passage, and wanted to know what was the matter. I called him in and told him, and together we held an examination. Gilbrand must have died almost instantly, for the ball had gone directly through his heart. When we found McCargan he was just breathing his last. One of the bullets I had fired at him had entered his bosom, immediately below the sternum, and the other had passed through his neck, severing the right carotid artery.

By this time the household was all aroused, and for a few minutes we had a strange time of it. But I managed to get my wife calm, and when I made them understand that the danger was all over, the others became quiet. Michael and I moved the bodies down into the lower porch, where we found, upon examination, that the villains had gained their entrance by prying off the hasp of the back-door with a crow-bar. As soon as it was daylight I sent for the jailer, bidding him bring a man along with him. It so happened that the jailer had also the office of deputy sheriff and coroner, so that he was just the man for the business. He came, and in due time the bodies were removed from my premises, and he assured me, as he took them away, that he would rather act as coroner than as jailer upon such customers.

There was wonder and excitement for a while, and I was a lion; but finally the town became quiet once more, and my adventure with the horse-thieves was only a thing to tell to travelers. My wife soon regained her wonted composure of nerve, but she said I must never allow another such thing to happen without telling her all my fears and suspicions beforehand; and as she said *must*, of course I had to give her the promise, though I gave it with the hope that such a thing would never happen beneath my roof again.

LOVE AND BUSINESS.

It is pleasing to read the matrimonial advertisements. They were once poetical; now they assume a mercantile air which would entitle them to notice in Wall street as business transactions. Here is one, which shows that *matrimony* is fast becoming a *matter o' money*. Read it:

"To Young Ladies.—A Gentleman worth $10,000 wants a wife worth $5,000. Address John Manning, New York Post Office."

We think John Manning is himself *unmanning* by such an advertisement.

A woman, charged with being drunk and disorderly, denied the latter offense, saying that "she was too drunk to be disorderly."

LEGENDS OF THE CRIMEA.

THE FIELD OF ALMA.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE

"'Tis morn—but scarce you lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds rolling dun.'

Father! Father! Hear me cry—
All the long night I have lain
Where a thousand others lie,
With the living and the slain!
God of Battles! hear me pray—
Let the lamp burn but this day,
Only this, that I may send
To a dearer one than friend,
Words to lift her breaking heart,
When the deathly shadows part,
On the field of Alma!

She, sweet wife, is standing now
Where I ne'er may stand again;
Pressing her poor anxious brow
On the frosty lattice-pane.
In a long and lonely watch,
Striving if *she* may not catch
Through the glimmer of the morn,
Glimpse of horseman, hot and worn,
Bearing swift to hearts that weep,
Woful news of them that sleep
On the field of Alma!

Hark! Was that some bright-winged bird
Pouring morning minstrelsy?
Or some sentinel, I heard
Gaily winding reveille?
English thrushes, in the June,
Used to sing that happy tune—
A full psalm—while I and Clare,
'Twixt the hedge-rows green and fair,
Dreamed not of *one* face to be
Starving, cold and ghastfully,
On the field of Alma!

Poor, pale love, I see thee *now*,
Pushing back thy sunny hair
From a young and patient brow,
Half in hope and half in fear.
Weary days must intervene,
With wild thoughts of *death* between—
Then the tidings that will come,
Crushing out the life of *home!*
God help thee, wife! and help them all
To whom the heritage must fall
Of the slain at Alma

How the torchlights come and go!
Bloody hands and faces white
On red waves swim to and fro,
As they did all yesternight.
Forward! Charge the Russian gun!
Comrades, ho! the breach is won!
Victory! Ha! that fever-thrill—
Hand too weak for soldier-will—
Ah! I see, I am not well—
Something struck me—and I fell!
Yet thro' all the storm of battle—
Clash of arms, and grapeshots' rattle—
Cannons' thunder, dying groans—
Wife, I heard *thy* tender tones
On the field of Alma!

This thy face, my little wife?
This seems darker than thy hair—
"Hush! the din of nearing strife
Booms along the heavy air—
Nigher shouts of victory roll
Than thine—oh, Sebastopol!
Down they thunder, host on host;
Lance in rest and sabre crossed;
Flowing rein, and banner spread;
Ride on, comrades! o'er the dead!
Front and flank our English ire
Bursts in waves of wrathful fire!
Ride on, comrades! faster! faster!
On! through storms of red disaster!
Ho! they dash through shot and shell!
England—sword—and—wife—farewell!"
——*Thus* they died at Alma!

* * *

THE TORN NEWSPAPER;

OR,

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

BY OLIVER SINCLAIR.

CHAPTER I.

"I will never consent to your marriage with William Appleton, Ida," said Charles Redington, with a flushed look and angry eyes.

"If I love William more than I love you, Charles, why should you be angry. This is not the way to make me love you better than William. If I cannot be your wife, I can be your friend! You have paid me a compliment I shall always be grateful for, in offering me your hand. I feel deeply your preference of me over other and fairer maidens of your acquaintance, and who I know would be made happy by such an offer. Nay, do not look displeased! Because I refuse to be your wife is no reason that I cannot esteem you as a friend!"

Thus calmly and gently and sensibly spoke Ida Boyd, a sweet, beautiful girl of eighteen, the daughter of a poor widow, to a rich young man of uncontrollable passions, who had loved her long and would have made her his wife; for though poor she was socially his equal, her father having been a gentleman of fortune, who became bankrupt before his death through the failure of a bank in which he had invested all he was worth.

They were standing at the garden-gate, to which he had asked her to accompany him after having called to see her, saying that he wished to say a few words to her alone. These few words were the offer of his hand and fortune. Her reply was, that she had been a month engaged to William Appleton. His angry exclamations of disappointment called from her the words of remonstrance and kindness which she addressed him at the beginning of our tale.

"Love or hatred!" he replied, almost fiercely. "I must either love or hate you, Ida Boyd! There is no medium with me! As for William Appleton, may the dev——"

"Charles—Charles! Stop where you are! This conduct is unworthy of you and painful to me!" she cried, laying her hand upon his arm, which he pettishly withdrew from her touch. "If I cannot love you, why will you hate me? Does not this show your love for me was not such as would stand the tests of life?"

"Ida—talk not thus! My love for you would have made me *die* for you! *Yesterday*, if you had bidden me do any deed involving the risk of my life, I would have marched, with a smile upon my lips, to death, so that I felt that *you* approved!"

She looked in his face. The moonlight, sifted through a lattice of leaves above their heads, fell in soft splendor upon his forehead; for his forehead was uncovered as he spoke to the fair object of his worship. There was a momentary silence. She broke it by saying:

"Charles, I am very, *very* sorry for you! I——"

"Pity me not! Your pity adds poison to the barb you have so completely fastened in my heart! A heart that so loved you that if, like chamomile, you had trodden it under your feet, it would have given out from its bruised leaves sweet fragrance to regale you. *Hate* me, Ida! hate me! This will be the most grateful return you can make me, for robbing me of yourself!"

"Charles," said the lovely girl, as she took his reluctant hand in hers; "*dear* Charles, my friend, how can you blame me! How can you feel so! Love is a mystery! I do not know why I chose William rather than you!"

"He has known you but ten months, while *I* have known you from a child!"

"I know it, Charles! I have *always* liked you! Do you not remember how I have *so* often given you flowers; and how we have blackberried together; and how you used to love to carry my heavy satchel of books home for me; and how you gave me birds and rabbits for pets, and I named them after you; and how you used to do my hard sums for me, and what good friends we used to be!"

"Yes, I remember it all, Ida; and we were very happy; and when I grew up, and you grew up and became so beautiful, I resolved you should be my wife; but then came this stranger and—and——"

Here the emotion, if not a gush of tears, of the young man choked his utterance, and he turned away without finishing the sentence.

"As I said, Charles, love is a mystery. I loved him as soon as I saw him. I don't know how it was, but our eyes no sooner met than our hearts seemed to fly together and embrace like long-absent friends!"

The disappointed lover made no immediate reply. He walked for a few moments to and fro before the garden-gate. There was a cloud visible upon his brow, and a stern fixedness of the lips which alarmed her. She approached him gently, and said:

"Charles!"

"Well, Miss Boyd!"

"Do not speak to me so unkindly?"

"What matters it? Are you anything to me? Am I anything to thee? Are you not *his!* body, soul and spirit? Are you not his in all that made you dear—oh, *how* dear to me? I do well to speak unkindly! But, forgive me, Ida! I see no moonlight reflected, as from diamonds, in tears upon your cheeks. I am not angry with you! Poets say love cannot be helped! But as for *him*, who knowing how I loved you, and who has come between me and happiness——"

"Say no word in anger, Charles! For *my* sake, do not be angry with William!"

"For *thy* sake!"

"Yes, may I not ask this?"

"Ida, what do I owe you—that for thy sake I should not hate him?"

"Nothing—but—oh—forgive me! I knew not you loved me so dearly. You never told me till to-night!"

"Because I did not deem it necessary to tell thee," he observed, bitterly. "Do the birds tell one another they love before they mate? Does the night-blooming ceres tell the moon it loves before it opens its bosom to her embrace? Does the river tell the sea it loves before it flings itself murmuring into his arms? Does the glow-worm tell its mate that it loves ere he lights the lamp which is to guide him to her bower in the grass? True love is *instinct*, and is voiceless! I did not believe, Ida, I had need to tell you how dearly, how fondly, how passionately I loved you! I thought you understood the look of my eyes, the touch of my hand, the tone of my voice! To tell you that I love you would have seemed to me like painting the rainbow, or lending torches to the light of the stars! But, alas, I see I have been mistaken! The love of this world to secure itself must gabble and speak itself out, or the loudest goose will be the victor!"

"You are very bitter, Charles!"

"Pardon me, but I feel bitterly. Good night, Ida!"

"Let us part friends!"

"Friends! Eh! Friends! What does that mean? *Not* enemies?"

"More than that, Charles! Let us part friends!"

"*Not* Enemies!" answered the young man, as he coldly received in his own her soft hand, with which she warmly clasped his. "I can never hate *thee!* When I die, Ida, your image will be found engraven upon my inmost heart! Good night! If I never more speak to thee, do not imagine I hate thee! But I can never look again upon the form which is possessed by my rival! Good night!"

He left the gate and walked rapidly onward. She impulsively followed him half-a-dozen steps, but seeing he paid no attention to her pursuing feet, though he must have heard them upon the pavement, she stopped, clasped her hands together upon her bosom, sighed heavily and said:

"Oh, that I had before known *how* Charles loved me! Yet he never told his love! He was so diffident and distant, while William pressed his suit with such fervor! Poor Charles! I wish he could understand that I love him (as a *friend*) though William is to be my husband!"

"Wi-po-will! wi-po-will!" cried in plaintive notes a whippoorwill, in the top of a neighboring tree.

"What a doleful cry! This bird's note sounds ominously and makes me feel fear!" she said, as she returned slowly to the gate. "They say it sings thus only when some evil is to happen to the hearer. Shall I go in or wait for William," she soliloquized, as she lingered by the gate, held half-open in her hand. "He was to be here at nine o'clock, and the bell for nine will soon ring.*

The young girl, with a torn heart—for she loved *both* lovers, (but William most and tenderest, having also pledged him her hand, heart, and troth,) lingered long after the nine o'clock bell had rung, for William had promised her he would come at nine. With every note of the bell she expected to hear blended the sound of his footstep. Half-past nine came, and her mother came out to her, and said—

"Ida, you ought to be in, dear. Where is William?"

"Not come yet, mother. I wonder what has detained him."

"Perhaps some engagement. You know he is but a book-keeper, and hasn't his time to himself, poor young man, as Mr. Redington has, who is rich. I must confess, Ida, I am surprised you should have selected the poor one."

"He selected me, mother."

"But you know that on the least encouragement the richer would have asked you."

"I did not encourage him because he *was* rich. I could not trust myself. I feared I might be thinking of his fortune. So I let the one who offered first have my hand."

"Well, William is a good young man, and will make you happy. But you know my opinion. *I* would rather you would have married Mr. Redington. That fine house his mother lives in would have been yours at her death, with a carriage, and all that."

"Don't talk of such things, mother. They do not come into my thoughts. I shall be perfectly happy with William. And since I have seen the exhibition of anger and feeling shown by Charles this evening, I see he has a fearful temper, which might have made me wretched as his wife."

"Well, come in, dear child. It is full a quarter to ten. Honest people ought to be in bed by half an hour after bell-ringing."

"I will come in soon, dear ma. I think William will be here by ten. I will just meet him at the gate here, and say good-night to him. He was to bring me a wedding-ring."

"Well, at ten you must come in. Tie your handkerchief over your head, Ida, for I feel there is a dew."

Ten o'clock was struck by the old clock in the house, but Ida's lover had not come. She waited till ten minutes past, when slowly and wonderingly she returned to the house.

"He has never failed me before," she said. "But perhaps something has detained him. It cannot be that, now that I am engaged to him, he loves me less, and thinks he need not be so punctual to his engagements as he was when he was not sure of me, and was trying to win my consent!"

How sensitive, how jealous, how exacting is true love!

Ida re-entered the house, and by-and-by retired, but not until all hope of seeing William that night had expired.

In the morning she dreamed a dream. She believed that she was walking arm in arm with William by the side of the river, when a mermaid rose before them out of the water, and said, in a harsh voice—

"Come—I have waited for you! You must go with me! My home in the depth of the river is ready!"

She thought that the mermaid so fascinated William that he left her side, and went, as by a resistless spell, to the syren, who was about to entwine her arms about him, when some one cried, as if from the air—

"Fire and slay her, or she will destroy him!"

She heard at the moment a report, as if from behind her, and she saw William, with a wound in his forehead, fall into the arms of the syren, who plunged with him into the river and disappeared. There was a mocking laugh behind her, and she thought the voice sounded like that of Charles Redington. She turned to see if her fears were true, when the loud voice of her mother awoke her:

"Awake, child! Up, Ida! There is fearful news!"

"What is it, mother?" she cried, starting from her vivid dream.

"William——"

"William is *dead!*" she shrieked, catching the words from the pallid lips of her mother. "I saw him shot! Is it not so? Oh, do not be silent!"

"News has just come that he was found in——"

"In the river, with a bullet wound in his forehead!" she cried.

"How wonderful and true!" cried two or three neighbors, who were at her bed-room door, while a third said—

"How could she know this?"

"I saw it all in a dream. Oh, tell me—is William dead?"

"Yes," answered the minister, who lived near, and having heard the news had hastened to the house of mourning, as became his office. "He was found dead an hour ago by the shore, half in the water. He had been shot in the forehead. His body is taken to his mother's, where an inquest will be held."

"Oh! William, William—who could have done this! Dead! William dead!" she shrieked, and fell insensible into the arms of her mother.

CHAPTER II.

The death of William Appleton by violence, in so mysterious a manner, created the most profound excitement throughout the peaceful village. He was beloved and popular, and was not known to have an enemy. He had been found by the shore, his body half in the water; but as his clothing and hair were thoroughly wetted, it was believed he had been thrown in, and floated ashore. The place where he was found was about half way between the village and the residence of Ida Boyd, by the road that led along the winding and shady banks.

"He must have been going to see her, or else coming from there," said a woman, who was present as they were holding the inquest. "He was 'gaged to her, and went to see her every night."

This opinion prevailed. The question now came up, *who* could have done this? and what could have been the motive?

There was no suspicion of person or motive, and the jury gave in their verdict—"Shot dead, with a pistol or gun, by some person or persons unknown, and then thrown into the river."

What more could a coroner's jury, not omniscient nor omnipresent, decide. The funeral took place on the third day, and was attended by a vast concourse of people; for a murder invests death with a fearful mystery, which arouses the deepest sympathies of the human heart, as well as awakens the liveliest curiosity of our nature.

But there were agencies of Providence at work for the discovery of the murderer. The surgeon who had been called to examine and pronounce upon the nature of the wound, had drawn from the orifice made by the bullet a mass of paper saturated with blood and with the river water. He saw that it was newspaper wadding which had been driven into the wound behind the ball. He stated to the coroner, from this circumstance, that the assassin must have stood close to his victim for the wadding to have also entered the wound. This assertion threw no light upon the author of the crime, and had little weight with the coroner and his rustic jury. The surgeon, who was a shrewd man of the world, and who let nothing escape him, took the wadding home, and, having removed the stains of blood and dried it, closely examined it. He discovered that it was a part of a newspaper called the "Evening Star."

Dr. Thomas, upon looking carefully at this fragment, compressed his lips and was for a few moments silent, fixing his keen, gray eyes upon his office floor.

"The Evening Star!" he at length exclaimed, or rather muttered. "I wonder who takes that paper in this village! This I must quietly ascertain. I saw before the coroner that this piece of paper might be probably a clue to the murderer, and I did not wish to make any noise about it, lest the murderer himself might be present at the inquest and take the alarm. I think I have shown my usual sagacity. Now, with the aid of Providence, I may find out who murdered William Appleton. Poor Ida Boyd! They say it has broken her heart, as they were soon to be married! The Evening Star! Stay there, bit of paper," he added, "until I look further!"

As he spoke he locked the wadding in his money-drawer, and putting the key in his pocket walked out. He took the direction of the post-office, which he entered with a loitering step, as if he had no purpose. The postmaster was seated in his great arm-chair, (being a bent-up, rheumatic man, with iron spectacles,) actually reading a copy of the "Evening Star."

Doctor Thomas was a friend and his physician. After a question or two as to the present state of his rheumatism, the medical man said:

"A New York paper, eh?"

"Yes, the Star; Noah's paper. They say he is a Jew; but he is a great wit, and a capital, fine writer."

"So I've heard. Do you take it?"

"No. He is on the other side of my politics. It comes here to Mrs. Redington, whose husband, you know, was a great politician. You see her name on it."

"Yes, I see. It is such an interesting paper, I suppose, many copies of it are taken in the village."

"No. This is the only one taken here at this office. It is usually taken out by her son Charles, but he has not been here for several days; so I thought I would peep into it."

"A privilege," replied the smiling doctor, "which you postmasters take not only with papers but with letters, eh?"

"Ah, doctor, that is a serious joke," responded the man of privileges, as he folded up the paper, for at that moment Charles Redington entered and asked for his papers and letters.

"So you keep up the old 'Star' subscription, sir, like your father?" said the doctor.

The young man answered, with a curl of the lip—

"I suppose one can subscribe to what paper he pleases;" and thus saying, he pocketed his newspaper and went out of the office, which was kept in an open room, common to all comers; indeed, the people generally helped themselves to their own letters, (and their neighbors', too, if they chose,) to save the bent and rheumatic postmaster getting up out of his chair.

Doctor Thomas wended his way to his own office slowly and thoughtfully. Charles Redington was above suspicion, wealthy, son of a member of Congress, born in the village, and of good name and fame. Yet he was the only one who took the "Star," and it was a torn portion of the "Star" which formed the wad of the bullet!

"It is possible another may have found or torn the paper. Perhaps he does not file them, and throws them away. If so, any one might pick them up. I must be cautious. I will call on his mother, and ask her for the loan of a volume of the folio Encyclopedia, which belonged to her husband. This will enable me to look about and perhaps learn something. Yet, do I suspect her son of the deed? Heaven forbid! But this wadding must be traced."

Thus he mused as he walked on. That day he called on the widow, and was shown into the library for the book by Charles himself, who looked pale and ill at ease, so much so that the doctor said—

"Mr. Redington, you do not look well. You must look after yourself."

The young man laughed and turned away his head. Upon a chair the doctor saw piled in a heap a great number of the "Star." He took one up and said—

"This is a singularly American journal, Mr. Redington, to be edited by a Jew."

"I seldom read it. I am not a politician. I keep it as waste paper."

"Ah, indeed. Permit me to look over some of them."

"Yes; but you will excuse me, as I have an engagement. You can borrow any other books you please, sir, besides the Encyclopedia."

After the young man had gone out the doctor proceeded to examine the newspapers upon the chair, but found them all whole; but seeing one wrapped around a parcel upon the table, he approached it, and saw that it contained melon seed. A portion of this paper was torn off. A glance showed him that he had the missing part in his money drawer in his office!

Instantly and adroitly he poured out the seeds and secured the paper. He was overwhelmed with surprise and pain. As he was leaving, Mrs. Redington met him in the hall and said, after a few remarks about books—

"Have they discovered the murderer, doctor?"

"Not yet, I believe."

"Poor Ida! Charles thought worlds of her, and has not been himself since he heard how she is almost beside herself. I think he loved her; but I always told him she was too poor a match for him. I am very sorry for her, and for the poor young man. How pitiful!"

The doctor left and proceeded to his office, took the wad, and went to the residence of the justice of the peace. The two gentlemen remained closeted together for an hour. That night Charles Redington was arrested, while at the tea-table, by two officers of the law, and conveyed to prison.

He denied all knowledge of the murder, and assumed the front and bearing of injured innocence. He was, in due time, brought into court for trial. The only ground of evidence against him was the fragment of newspaper. But the defense ably argued that the assassin, whoever he was, might have stolen the paper, as no such paper was to be found on the prisoner's premises, or brought it with him from another town.

"The 'Star' mails four thousand copies weekly," he added; "and there are four thousand chances that my client is innocent."

When everybody in court looked for an acquittal, the torn newspaper which the doctor had taken from the library, with "Mrs. Eleanor Redington's" name upon it, was produced, and the fragment fitted to it before all eyes.

When Charles Redington saw this paper produced he uttered a cry of despair, and sprang from the prisoner's box so unexpectedly, that he had reached and leaped from an open window before he could be arrested. Mounted men followed his wild flight, and he was overtaken and caught at the very spot where the body of William had been discovered. The result was that he confessed in prison the deed of murder, so clearly established by circumstantial evidence. He said he had gone home after leaving Ida Boyd, loaded his pistol, tearing off a portion of the "Star" for the wadding, resolved to meet Appleton on his return from his visit to Ida Boyd, and compel him to relinquish her to himself. That he met him on his way, and upon his refusal to comply with his demand, he shot him in a moment of uncontrollable jealousy.

Three months afterwards Charles Redington expiated his crime on the gallows; and the evening of the same fatal day the body of the fair Ida Boyd was laid by weeping mourners in her last home.

Oh, love, oh, war—which has slain most victims!

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* The reader, by the allusion to the nine o'clock bell, will understand that the scenes of our tale are laid in New England.

The origin of the "nine o'clock bell," which regulates and measures the length of a social evening in the New England States, dates back to the "curfew bell" of Old England. All my readers will recall the line in Gray's Elegy:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

William the Conqueror, in order to prevent night conspiracies, ordered all fires (and lights) to be put out an hour after sundown throughout the realm of England. This order was called the *couvre feu* order, from the French words, signifying *cover fire!* The church bells in all the towns gave the curfew or *cover-fire* signal. This custom of ringing a bell for people to go to bed continued for centuries afterwards in England, when the law enforcing it had become a dead letter. The Puritans brought over the custom to Plymouth, and to this day the curfew bell (alias the nine o'clock bell) is heard filling with melody the star-lit vallies of New England, and is a signal for staid and quiet folk to be at home and think of bed! This custom has exercised a positive effect upon the morality of New Englanders; and, to be out after nine, is considered encroaching on the verge of dissipation. The curfew is an admirable regulator of hours, and we wish it were instituted all over the Union. It fixes a standard for honest bed-time!

* * *

Girls who are not handsome hate those who are—while those who are handsome hate one another. Which class has the best time of it?

BEING IN LOVE.

The epoch of being in love, notwithstanding all, is the most agreeable in the whole course of life. The soul has then no craving to gratify. Existence is at its highest premium, for it is then we are farthest from indifference. He who is in love cherishes life, and but enjoys it the better for little drawbacks in other affairs, which only highten love's relish when we return to it. It is a better and pleasanter thing than money-getting, or courtiership, or sullen study, or maddening ambition, or a thousand grasping desires that engross us wholly without our feeling satisfaction in their pursuit. These are solitary objects; being in love is participated with another, and therefore it is a more social pleasure. The romantic tinge which often colors our conduct, is an agreeable characteristic; it increases the attraction, and confers a hallowed charm upon the passion. Being in love is a restraint upon evil feelings—a situation favorable to virtue. The love of woman is a corrective of our perverse natures, and, while its season lasts, always mends the heart. Let an unbiassed and discriminating octogenarian answer what part of life he could look back upon with the most kindly feelings—what portion of his departed years he most cherished in his remembrance, and he would doubtless answer, the time when he was in love. The memory of that delicious season, its little adventures, its hopes, fears, and enjoyments, always come over us with a rush of pleasing warmth, a sunbeam piercing the clouds of departed time, and irradiating for a moment our tottering steps and gray hairs. Being in love mingles us with the better things of life, keeps beautiful forms perpetually before the eye, gives us pleasing dreams, elevates the spirits, and exalts our views. It tempers our harsher dispositions with gentleness of beauty, and subdues our proudest pretensions to the government of tears and caresses of mildness and persuasion. He who has never been in love is a miserable blockhead, who is ignorant of the highest joy this distempered life possesses for mortals. Being in love is, in fact, a sort of millennium far above all life's other good.

* * *

ASSUMPTIONS OF AGE.

When we begin to feel the influence of age, when the boasted era of experience arrives, and we have a "moist eye, a dry hand, and a yellow cheek," it is wonderful with what pretension of contempt we are wont to treat the younger part of the community. We assume airs before it, and seem to take a pride in gibing it. We put on the mantle of wisdom because we have no other left in our wardrobe fitting to our circumstances; and with as much importance and more selfishness than we ever before experienced, we assume the functions of legislators on the strength of our vicinity to second childishness. There is a little art in acting thus. Time has taken away everything by which we can exercise an influence, save this reputation of wisdom; and to do ourselves justice, we know how to make the most of it. We thus contrive to keep up a degree of respect when our gray hairs would otherwise excite pity. We see that age is a state of neglect unless an impression of sageness accompanies it, and we cling to our last anchor to avoid shipwreck on the shoals of forgetfulness. Without "heat, affection, limb, or bounty," we cannot brook neglect. Some, but comparatively a very few, have stored their minds with intellectual wealth, and improved them by the observation of years—

"Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain."

To venerate such is just and proper; it was to an old person of this character, no doubt, that the feeling of the Spartans was directed when they stood up in the theatre at Athens.

* * *

WRITERS OF IMAGINATION.

Do we not owe much more to writers of imagination than is generally acknowledged? This is a query which I think must be answered affirmatively. Literature has mainly contributed to the present advanced state of civilization; and in inquiring what branches of it have more particularly tended to those refinements which spring from generous and noble feelings, it must be conceded to our poets and romance writers. To them we are largely indebted for the better sentiments of the age, and for all that, by exciting the passions, leads to eminence and renown. This is mainly owing to their prominent principle of keeping the mind dissatisfied with common-place things, their power of creating images superior in every respect to reality, which we admire and would fain imitate, and the admiration they infuse for what is good and excellent, or sublime and daring. Writers on science had ameliorated the physical condition of man, enlarged his stock of information, and increased his luxuries. In devoting themselves to their own peculiar studies, they were urged on by the desire of improvement, which very desire, the moving spring of all, is increased by the dislike of standing still, and the spirit of ambition which imaginative writers greatly assist nature in sustaining. Like the trophies of Miltiades that would not let Themistocles rest, the visions and day-dreams that haunt the mind and fill the soul with things better than the world and society afford it, by making us discontented, spur us to pursue those beyond our reach, and keep us in progression.

* * *

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

That those who have never profited by experience should put on the appearance of having done so to gain a respect to which they are not entitled, instead of the sympathy due to incapacity and decay, is rather hard upon the rising generation. The majority, too, of aged people assume the stoic, and pretend a scorn for the warm temper, sanguine feelings, intrepid integrity, and open manners of youth. They snub, and wound, and stifle, its generous emotions, often preaching the vanities of life only because they can no longer share in them. They seldom reflect on their own youth, but imagine that age and imbecility form the only state of existence in which man is to be imitated and admired. But it is perhaps wrong to cavil with erroneous notions where error is consolatory—where there are no vivid pleasures to be enjoyed, and the future prospect offers nothing but increase of decay and greater enfeeblemant of the senses. Still it becomes those to reflect, who preserve the power of reflection, that *early recollections* are a source of the purest pleasure, and that they who live upon the memory of the past should not undervalue the brightest part of it.

* * *

CONNUBIAL.

"When your wife begins to scold, let her have it out. Put your feet up cosily over the fire-place; loll back in your chair; light one of your best cigars, and let the storm rage on; say nothing, make no answer to anything."

Well, a little more *advice*, if you please. Having placed yourself in that *enviable* position, reflect whether you deserve the thunder about your ears, and if so, (as is probably the case,) put your feet gently down, cease your "lolling," put out your cigar, acknowledge your error, kiss your little wife, and endeavor to be a better husband.

A HYMN.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE

I.

Star of the hopeful! I behold
 Thy rays on yonder stream
That laughs along so joyously
 Amid the flower and beam:
O star! O star! thou didst betray
This heart in manhood's dawning day.

II.

Star of the valiant! I behold
 Thy rays on yonder field,
Where many a foeman felt my lance,
 Where none to me would yield:
O star! O star! though bright thou art,
This wreath ne'er satisfies the heart.

III.

Star of the wealthy! I behold
 Thy rays on yonder street
Where round me, as the prince of gold,
 Gold's slaves in worship meet:
O star! O star! by thy bright shrine,
For something else I stand and pine.

IV.

Star of the famous! I behold
 Thy rays on yonder hight,
Where all the nations see my name
 Writ by the hands of Light:
O star! O star! I feel thy flame,
Yet know how dark the brightest name!

V.

Star of the Christian! I behold
 Thy rays from Zion glow;
They gild my forehead as I stand
 In this dark vale below:
O star! O star! 'tis but in thee
The soul can any glory see.

* * *

ROBBERY AND MYSTERY.

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED CHRONICLE OF A TRAVELER.

Soon after entering the capital of the so-called Mexican Republic, as was my usual custom while sojourning in a foreign city, I hired for my servant a man capable of acting as my cicerone about the town. At this time I had in my possession a bill of exchange upon a wealthy house; but not caring to have it honored before my departure, I thought it best to retain it till the last moment, as the care of a large sum of money would be troublesome to one whose desire was to be free from standing guard over his own effects.

For this reason I did not even call upon the drawees of the bill; and as I was a stranger to them personally, I thus laid myself liable to a total loss, in the event of the same falling into the possession of some dishonest individual, who might represent himself as the proper payee. That I committed a great error in thus neglecting to secure myself against false representation—an error by which my means and life might have been the forfeit—the peruser of this transcript from my note-book will clearly perceive.

I had been some three or four days in the city, promenading through its principal thoroughfares and drives, glancing modestly at the dark, lustrous-eyed beauties that I continually met and passed, when I said to my man Pablo, that he must now take me in hand and show me everything that could possibly interest a foreign traveler. Pablo, I may remark, by the way, was one of the keenest rogues that ever dodged the police and kept his worthy neck outside of a halter—though this I learned too late to save myself some trouble—and he had the reputation of having once been an indifferent actor, which will account for his mode of putting his questions.

"Does your worship wish to go behind the scenes?" he quietly inquired.

"Even into the 'green room' of the town, Pablo," laughed I, "and observe, if possible, the 'make up' of the actors."

"The best time for that, then, Senor, is at night, while the dramatic corps are preparing for their parts."

"We will begin to-night, Pablo."

We did begin that night; and before the bell tolled the hour of twelve, I fancied I had seen the city of nobles and beggars turned inside out. At least I had seen enough to content me; and as we issued from a splendid gambling saloon, where a beautiful and fascinating Senorita was dealing monte for the benefit of herself and numerous admirers, I said:

"Now then for our hotel, Pablo!"

"One adventure more, Senor, and your worship shall retire with the wisdom of a Solomon!"

"One adventnre more," I assented.

With this Pablo began to lead the way through a dark, narrow street; when suddenly, as I turned a sharp corner, a heavy mantle was thrown over my head, and my person at the same moment siezed by two powerful ruffians, one of whom forced a gag into my mouth, while the other pinioned my arms.

"Senor," said a calm, quiet voice, "it were easier for us to kill than take you alive; but your life we do not seek; so be governed by policy, and make no resistance, and you shall not be harmed. We will tell you presently what we require of you. Pray follow as we lead!"

I did so—for I was in their power and could do nothing better—and in the course of a couple of minutes I found myself alongside of a carriage, with a request that I would enter it. I still obeyed—not with the best grace and most pleasant feelings—but quiescently and without disturbance. My kidnappers entered with me, still keeping me pinioned and gagged, and away we whirled.

Fifteen minutes—or less time it might have been—brought us to a halt beneath some dark archway.

"Senor," said the spokesman, "have the goodness to alight and suffer me to conduct your worship into a private apartment."

I got out of the carriage, and was led down some ten or a dozen steps, into what I fancied, from the change of atmosphere, to be a damp stone vault, beneath the surface of the earth. The cloak was still over my eyes; but presently I could see the reflection of a light; and immediately after this the mantle was removed, and two masked men, dressed in black, one of them holding a sort of dark-lantern, were revealed to my view. I glanced quickly around the apartment, and saw that it was small, having rough stone walls, and only one outlet, the door through which we had entered. Save two or three rough benches, it was empty also; and pointing me to one of these, the same person who had before addressed me, said:

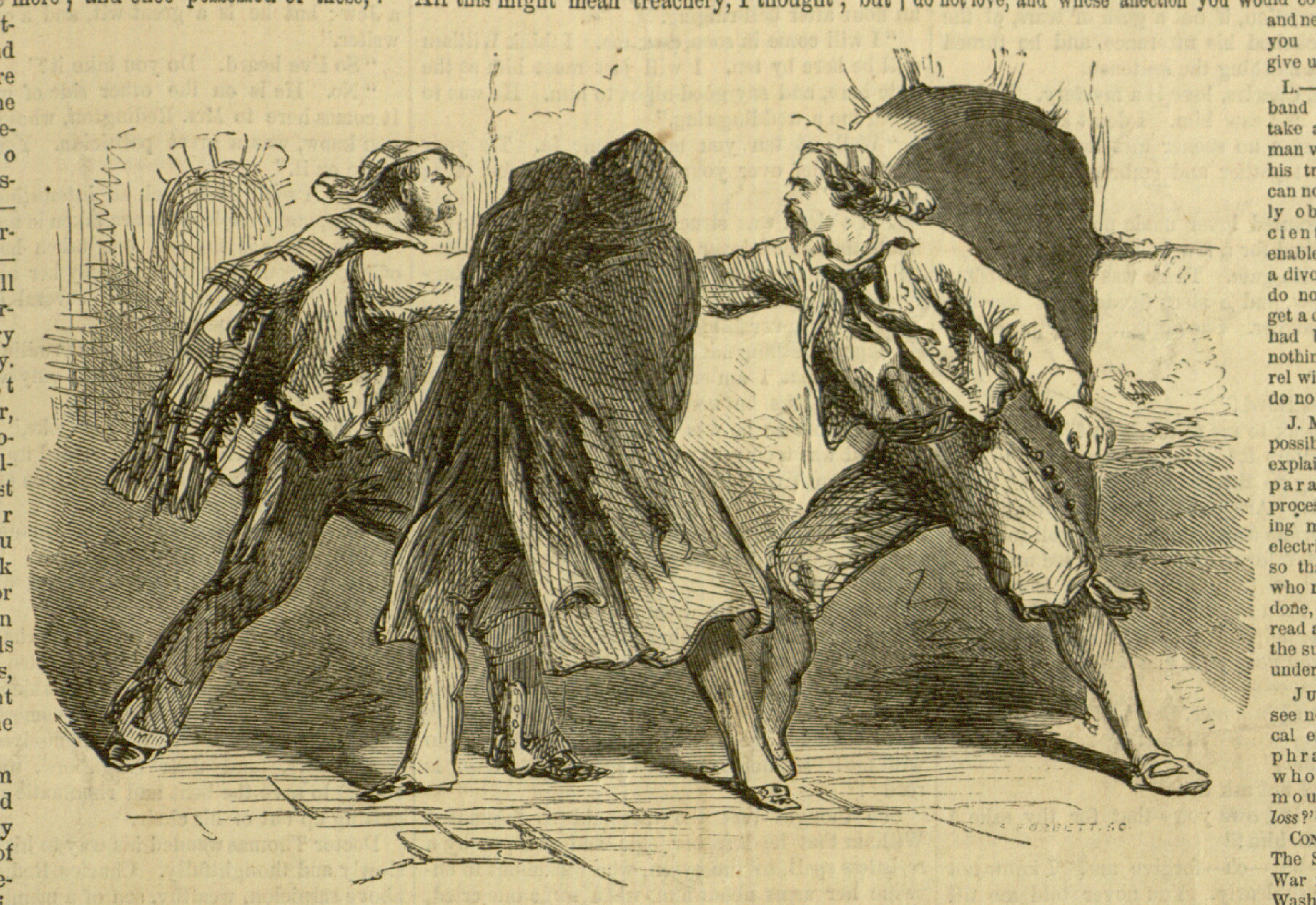
"Pray be seated, Senor, and we will give you liberty to speak."

I complied with his request, and he at once stepped forward and removed the gag. As soon as I found I could use my voice, I sternly demanded the meaning of such treatment.

"Be calm, Senor—do not get excited—and we will inform you!" was the cool reply, spoken in an ordinary business tone. "The fact is, Senor," he went on, "you are a stranger in Mexico, with more means at your command than strangers generally have, or any honest man may have immediate use for; and we, being less blessed in this respect than your worthy self, have taken the liberty of inviting you hither to negotiate a loan."

"In other words, to rob me?" said I.

"That is a harsh word, Senor, which we seldom make use of; we call our mode of acquiring means a new way of borrowing; and for this reason; that instead of giving the person borrowed from security of our own, we leave him safely housed for the security of ourselves. In short, Senor, not to waste words, let me inform you in brief that we want all your weapons, jewelry, and ready funds, with the exception of sufficient to support you till you can raise more; and once possessed of these, we will quietly depart and leave you here for such time as will be necessary to make our escape certain—say till to-morrow night—when you will be set at liberty in a very harmless way. You see at once, Senor, you have Providentally fallen into honest hands, for which you should thank the saints—for had you fallen into the hands of villains, your life might have been the forfeit."



"Oh, I am deeply and profoundly thankful, of course!" returned I, ironically. And then I quickly added: "By your accent and mode of speaking, I judge you are no Mexican."

"So much the better for our purpose," replied the villain; "for you have a bill of enchange on a house here which you have never visited; and if I can personate a respectable foreigner—say yourself, for instance—I can get it honored as well as another."

I saw that I was really caught by robbers at last—that it would be useless to waste words—that perhaps it would be best to yield with a good grace to what I had not the power to avert—and so I informed the *gentleman* that he was at liberty to do what he thought proper, only I would pray him to give me my liberty in a reasonable time, and not leave me entirely destitute.

"By San Marco!" he rejoined; "your worship is the most sensible gentleman I have had dealings with for years! and I assure you I am one not unacquainted with the customs of the road. We will deal as gently by you as by an infant, and ever remember you gratefully in our prayers."

With this he coolly proceeded to rifle my pockets and person, taking from me my revolvers, knife, jewelry, purse, and pocket-book, in the latter of which he found the afore-mentioned bill of exchange, the amount of which caused his eyes to glisten, as I could see even through the mask.

"Pray tell me," said I, "how you knew I had that draft, and had not yet presented it?"

"Pardon me, Senor! that would be exposing the secrets of our profession, which we never do to the uninitiated."

"By treachery!" said I. "My servant must have made the discovery, and you are his accomplices."

"Suspect whom you please, Senor," he replied; "every gentleman is entitled to his thoughts; but in order to show your worship the possibility of your being in error, permit me to observe, confidentially, that a watch has been upon you ever since the moment you set foot in this glorious city. Ah, Senor, I perceive your purse is heavy and will suffice for your present wants—accept it back, sir; your jewelry also may be of more value to you than us, and so we restore it; we only desire to do the fair thing; and this bill of exchange, being even larger than we supposed, shall satisfy us for the present."

With this he returned the articles mentioned; and then coolly remarking he did not think it safe to unbind me till the moment for restoring me to liberty, he turned on his heel, made me a polite bow, and, with his companion, walked out, closing and locking the door behind him.

I was thus left alone in my prison, in total darkness, with my arms so pinioned as to be both useless and painful. My feelings during the long hours which followed, the reader can better imagine than I set forth; but though I suffered much physically and mentally, I did not at first despair, because I believed I should eventually be set at liberty in some mysterious manner.

As hour after hour, however, passed away in that dark and silent dungeon, I began at last to grow more and more uneasy. What if, after all, I should be left to perish in my prison? The thought was too horrible to be entertained, and I strove to banish it, and, aided by a strong will, I so far succeeded as to keep in tolerably fair spirits.

At last, to my great joy, I heard the lock of my door turn, and was surprised to see a female mask standing in the gray light of the opening—for it was already day without, though not a ray of light had reached the vault.

"Senor," she said, in a clear, stern voice, "will you be kind enough to present yourself to my view!"

I advanced to the door where she was standing.

"You are still bound, I perceive," she said.

"Unfortunately, lady," I replied, "and have suffered much."

"You wish your liberty?"

"I certainly am not overjoyed at remaining where I am."

"Will you answer me one question, upon your oath as a Christian, and upon your honor as a gentleman?"

"If within my power, and it does not affect my safety."

"It affects your release, Senor; and, if favorably answered, may restore you immediately to liberty."

"Speak on then!"

"Will you then solemnly swear, that if all your effects are restored to you, even to your weapons, you will suffer yourself to enter a carriage blindfold, and thus remain till driven beyond sight of this dwelling? and then leave and depart without asking any questions, or seeking in any manner, or by any means, to pry into the mysterious occurrences which have surrounded you within the last twelve hours?"

"Yes," said I, "for a complete restoration of all my effects, and my person to liberty, I will solemnly swear, by all I hold sacred and holy, to conduct myself according to the conditions named."

"Then, Senor, within an hour you shall have your freedom!" was the reply, as the masked lady stepped back, and closed and locked the iron door, leaving me again alone, a prisoner still.

A few minutes later, as I remained standing by the door, pondering this singular mystery, I fancied I heard the rumble of carriage wheels; and shortly after the door was again unlocked, and a masked figure entered, who said he had orders to blindfold and conduct me hence, and restore me to liberty.

All this might mean treachery, I thought; but I knew, if my life were really sought, I was in the power of my enemies, and could not escape; and by assenting quietly to every proposition made me, my condition would certainly not be rendered worse than by rejecting them. I therefore suffered him to bandage my eyes and lead me to the carriage, which he entered with me, my arms still remaining pinioned.

A few moments later we were whirling through the streets of the city, which we continued to do for some half an hour, when the carriage stopped suddenly, the bandage was removed from my eyes, and I was solemnly charged by my masked companion, to remember my oath, or else no power on earth could save me. I looked from the window, and to my astonishment saw we were in a fashionable part of the city; and to my still greater astonishment, my strange conductor now proceeded to cut lose my bonds, and restore me my weapons and pocket-book, which latter he opened and showed me the same bill of exchange which had been taken from me.

"Now, Senor," he said, as he flung back the door of the carriage, "please mingle with those people yonder, and take no notice which way we drive. Adios!"

The door closed as I descended the steps, and the carriage whirled away, I never knew whither.

This whole matter, a mystery from beginning to end, has remained so to this day. I could not believe I was not robbed until I had searched everything, and received my money on my draft; after which I pondered the matter deeply, but of course venturing to question no person, because forbidden by my oath.

At first I thought it a case of conscience merely; then a practical joke perhaps; but subsequently, on looking through my pocket-book, and finding in it a small silver symbol of the Masonic order, I was led to conjecture that that had saved me from robbery if not from death, and that one or more of those who had me in charge were members of this fraternal band.

This of course was, and is, mere conjecture; but it is the only reasonable solution of the mystery I have ever been able to obtain; for Pablo, who might have thrown some light upon the matter, I never set eyes upon again.

* * *

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P. B.—Such trifles are not worth minding. If every disagreeable word that is said should be caught up and made a matter of insult, there would be an end of social intercourse. People should be tolerant and generous in their interpretation of remarks and actions, and be careful not to construe anything as an affront which can fairly be considered otherwise. Many persons make what they intend as mere innocent, jovial remarks which, if taken seriously, would be offensive to the subjects of them; and sensitive, stupid people often misunderstand these absurd sallies, and magnify them into insults.

Dollie.—Blank verse has to be regular in its feet and rhythm. The phrase *a l'outrance* means about the same as "war to the knife." A knight of old challenged his foe *a l'outrance* when he demanded to fight with regular weapons of war, instead of the comparatively harmless ones used in friendly jousts and tournaments.

Romeo.—We have often said that we do not think it advisable for people who cherish *conflicting* religious views to intermarry with each other. Every point of serious and continuous difference between man and wife grows more and more harsh, until at last it becomes a matter of constant irritation.

M. G., Richmondale.—We cannot "pass around" a subscription paper in New York for the purpose you mention, nor for any other purpose. You should apply to those who know you, and who are in possession of sufficient information in regard to the facts stated to enable them to act understandingly in the matter.

Othello.—If the young lady loves you, and you love her, and the parents will not give their consent to your union, you had better defer the marriage until the daughter becomes of age. By that time the parents may become reconciled to the match; and if they do not, the daughter will *then* have a lawful right to marry whom she pleases.

Advice.—A man who would deliberately knock his head against a young lady's, on a piazza, at 10 o'clock on Sunday morning, or at any other place or time, and then purposely repeat the offense, should certainly have leave given him to withdraw permanently from the society of the young lady in question.

S. O. K.—Your "grammatical" question is too simple for insertion in the Ledger as a problem. The terms senior and junior are not applied to females. If Mary Smith has a daughter of the same name, they are distinguished as *Mrs.* Mary Smith and *Miss* Mary Smith.

Public School Boy sends the following problem for the Ledger boys to solve. A lives 122 rods east of the school-house, B 108 rods west, C 134 rods north and D 146 rods south. How far will A have to travel to visit his three neighbors and then return home.

Richard D.—No. A person who has once subscribed for the Ledger, with a club, cannot renew his subscription at the club rate, unless he continues a member of the old club or joins another. *Single subscriptions are always $2 each.*

L. H.—We do not know of any establishments which send second-hand sheet music to customers by mail. We can not attend to any business for any one—not even so much as the obtaining and sending of a catalogue by mail.

J. B.—No. There is nothing inherently disgraceful in any trade or mechanical employment.

"Honor and fame from no condition rise;
Act well your part; there all the honor lies."

Charlie.—A resident of Massachusetts who leaves that State, and goes to Indiana, and there gets a divorce from his wife, who still lives in Massachusetts, for something for which a divorce would not be granted in the latter State, will still be somewhat subject to the matrimonial laws of Massachusetts. His wife will have a lien on any of his property *in that State.* Should he marry again, and bring his new wife thither, his first wife could institute an action for divorce against him and get a divorce on the grounds of desertion and infidelity. It is the same in this State.

Dilemma.—You are a young philosopher in pantalets. Such an acute analyzer of the heart, and such a deep-thinking girl, as your letter shows you to be, stands very little in need of advice. Genuine love, when met with constant and long-continued neglect, is apt to decrease and at last die out altogether, so if you contemplate marrying a man whom you do not love, and whose affection you would coldly receive and never return, you had better give up the idea.

L.—If your husband really does take another woman with him, on his travels, you can no doubt easily obtain sufficient proofs to enable you to get a divorce. If you do not intend to get a divorce, you had better do nothing. A quarrel with him will do no good.

J. M.—It is impossible for us to explain in a brief paragraph the process of sending messages by electric telegraph, so that a person who never saw it done, or never read anything on the subject, could understand it.

Junius.—We see no grammatical error in the phrase, "The whole world mourned *his* loss?"

Contributor.—The Secretary of War resides in Washington.

Montrose.—Last Fourth of July was the eighty-second anniversary of our independence. Your reasoning does not hold good. It is true, as you say, that the Fourth of July, 1777, was the first *recurrence* of the anniversary; but before a thing can *recur* it must have *occurred.* An anniversary is *a stated day returning with the revolution of the year.* The day was stated, or fixed, or settled upon, on the Fourth of July, 1776, and *that* day was the *stated* day or the *anniversary* day of our independence. Anniversary also means a celebration, and the *first celebration* of our Declaration of Independence took place at Philadelphia on the Fourth of July, 1776.

X. Y. Z.—Although your father's conduct, in the case stated, was inconsiderate and tyrannical, you did wrong to rebel, and resist the exercise of his lawful authority. Had you submitted in dignified silence, you and your conscience would now be on much better terms, and your father would no doubt soon have perceived the error and wrong he had committed and made ample reparation therefor. You should learn to have faith in eternal principles, and adhere to them under all circumstances, even when it *seems* that such adherence would be disastrous or fatal.

Pater.—Perhaps if you would hold the baby while your wife is getting breakfast, and play with and soothe the little fellow, your ears would not be so terribly assailed by the discordant wailings of which you complain. A man who will sit or lounge around while his wife is getting his breakfast, and grumble about a babe's crying, or about anything else, should be kept on bread and water until he becomes more human and learns better manners.

Teacher.—We think you were right and the parents of the child wrong. The rules of your school should be obeyed. If parents do not approve of the rules, they should not send their children to your school. Still, you should not allow the circumstance, however annoying, to affect you so seriously. Think of the frailties of poor human nature, and be compassionate and generous.

S.—The best thing you can do, taking the whole affair into consideration, is to apologize to your mother and to her young friend. It is certainly disagreeable to have your own mother try to force a repulsive girl upon you for a wife, but your opposition to such a scheme should be exhibited without rudeness to your mother or ungentlemanliness towards the young lady.

Student.—We cannot share your admiration for Tamerlane, Zenghis Khan, or any of the rest of that class of conquerors. They were mere brutes, commanded brutes, and conquered merely because their brutal soldiery greatly outnumbered the troops of their opponents. It did not take much to make a "great man" in those days in Central or Southern Asia.

Holly.—No. Your employers have no right to open letters addressed to their clerks, on the ground that they are sent to their box or to their care. No man has a right to open a letter which is addressed to another, without that other's permission, except in cases of letters sent to arrested or suspected criminals, which letters the proper officers of justice have a right to examine for lawful purposes.

Etiquette.—In escorting a newly married pair to church on their first Sabbath after marriage, or on any other Sabbath, it would not make the least difference who entered the church first. We can see no reason why a recently wedded couple should be *escorted* to church. They should not get married until they are able to go to church without an escort.

William.—You had better not act at all, but quietly await the unfolding of events. If your betrothed has *really* deserted you, you will find it out before long, and then all you will have to do will be to let her go. You should not judge too hastily in regard to the matter. Your letters may not have reached her, or she may have written to you, and her letters miscarried.

Dick.—The salaries of clerks in mercantile houses in New York range from $300 to $3,000 a year. Once in a while, a clerk who possesses unusual advantages may get more than $3,000. The great majority, however, get from $500 to $1,000 a year. In small retail stores, salaries of clerks run still lower

Amateur.—There are no remedies which lastingly benefit the voice. It is better for a singer to do without them. Great care in the use of the voice and in the preservation of general health, is the main thing. If your throat be sore, you should of course have proper medicinal remedies therefor.

A Wronged Orphan.—According to your statement you are entitled, together with your sister, to the estate left by your father. But it is a very complex case. You had better state the matter to some lawyer of good reputation, and offer him half of all he can recover, if he will undertake the case at his own expense.

J. P. K.—We can imagine no way by which you can make a young lady love you, except that of making yourself lovable in her eyes. A young lady loves a man who is to her lovable, and she won't and can't love anybody else. By being "the best fellow possible," you will stand the best chance of winning the young lady's love.

Widow.—We regret that it is impossible for us to give you advice as to the supporting of yourself and family, which would be of any practical, material benefit. The whole matter will depend upon your opportunities and your capacity, of which we know nothing.

Ladies versus Gentlemen.—The ladies are mistaken. A man who points at a portrait, and truthfully says, "That man's father is my father's son," could not be pointing to his *own* portrait. It would be the portrait of his *son.* We decided this point once before.

Austin, Texas.—The lady broke the engagement by eloping. Even though she soon quarreled with her new lover and did not marry him, or go far with him, her act sets you free and you have nothing to fear from an action for breach of promise.

Kit C.—We know nothing about the so-called matrimonial agencies of New York, and we would advise our readers never to seek to become acquainted with their systems or their business.

J. G., Illinois.—Of course you should not receive the addresses of a man who is known to associate with a disreputable person. You would be justified in refusing to see him whenever he calls.

Alex. H.—The "Congressional Globe" is published at Washington, D. C. It contains all the debates of Congress. You can perhaps get a copy or a sett of it by sending to the publisher at Washington.

T. R. L.—We cannot explain the Indian warwhoop on paper. It must be *heard* to be appreciated.

J. H. E.—We don't know where you can get "Cartesian Devils" or any other kind

M. M.—We do not wish to engage a contributor for the department you mention, nor for any other department of the Ledger. For the benefit of conceited writers generally, we will say that, did we ever so much wish for a contributor, we should not engage one whose sentences awkwardly walk on stilts. "The glorious orb of light rose with calm, majestic silence," is altogether too grandiloquent for a familiar paragraph. Besides, who ever knew the sun (for we suppose you refer to *that*) rise except with *silence?* If that "glorious orb," &c., were in the habit of *rising with a noise,* the fact of its rising with *silence* might be worth mentioning. Your classification of "Friendship, Hope, America," &c., as *light subjects* for essays, is rather surprising. It strikes us that "America," at least, is rather a heavy, not to say a vast, subject for an essay. The time has passed when *inexperienced* persons will be tolerated as writers by the publishers of first-class papers and periodicals. To speak to the human heart or the human mind the things they want to hear, a person must not only have talent, but *life-experience*—must have mingled with the world, and striven with fate, and *suffered* in the strife. Nor is this all: they must, in addition, have the divine gift of expression, and be able to tell the right thing in the right way. The prattle of genius is one thing, and the prattle of fools another; and the wail of the *gifted* sons and daughters of men is altogether a different thing (literally considered) from the blubbering of "boobies."

Kittie.—You have done two wrong things in the matter. In the first place, you should have told the Chicago lover, as you call him, of your engagement with another. In the second place, you should have informed that "other" of your change of affection. Your case, though an unfortunate one, is not uncommon. After a couple have become engaged, one or the other of them often meets a person whom he or she loves better than anybody else in the world, and then comes regret, anguish, quarrels and estrangement. This furnishes a strong argument against early or hasty engagements. As you no longer love the man to whom you are engaged, you should not marry him. No one should marry an unloved person. But you owe it to him to tell him speedily of the fact, that he may take such steps as shall be considered most proper to break the news to his family and friends. You should also at once write to your brother, tell him the whole story, and request him to communicate the facts to his friend. You will then have nothing to fear. Everything will be open and above-board, and your affairs will soon be probably settled to your satisfaction. Your lover cannot compel you to marry him, nor can he recover damages against you for breach of promise, as you are under age.

D. C. D—The statute of limitations does not run in favor of a debtor while he is continuously absent from the State for a long period. For example: Suppose A becomes indebted to B. If B. does not collect the debt or a part of it, or commence a suit therefor, until the lapse of six years from the date of its contracting, or if A does not *promise in writing* to pay it, within that time, then, at the end of six years, the debt will be outlawed, or if it be a promissory note, it will be outlawed after the expiration of six years from the date of its becoming due. If, however, A should leave the State for siz years, or for twenty years, the debt would not lapse, or, in legal phrase, "the statute (of limitations) would not run," nor would it begin to run, until A had come back to the State, and the debt would hold good for six years from and after the time of his return. If, however, A should continue to have his residence in the State, and should from time to time return to it, the statute would run just the same as though he were constantly here, and the debt would be outlawed at the expiration of six years.

Many Boys.—The problem given you to solve is not a fair one; it is an impossibility. You say the man has fifteen pigs which are to be put in four pens, an odd number in each. This cannot be done. There are no *four odd* numbers that will make fifteen, or any other *odd* number. The addition of two, four, six or eight (or any other *even* number of) *odd* numbers always produces an even number, while the addition of any *odd* number of odd numbers always produces an odd number. Thus, if you add together 3, 5 and 7, (all odd numbers,) the amount is 15; but it is impossible to add any other odd number whatever without producing an even number as the amount. Thus, if you add 7 to 15, the amount is 22; if you add 9 to 15, the amount is 24; and so on to any extent.

W. E.—Says there has been a great discussion in his vicinity as to whether the phrase "I feel a smell" is correct or not. Two learned and scientific men have decided that it is a proper phrase, but the popular conviction is against it; and the Ledger is called upon for a final disposition of the matter. One of the meanings of the word *feel* is, *to have a sense of,* or, *to be aware of;* and we suppose that no one will dispute the proposition that any one with a well-conditioned nose can "be aware of a smell," or "have a sense of a smell," and can consequently *feel a smell.* The phrase is an uncommon one, however, and might well occasion discussion.

Atlantic.—We cannot sympathise with you. We consider profanity inexcusable under any circumstances, and unspeakably reprehensible when habitually perpetrated in the presence of a man's own wife and children. You deserve all the punishment you have received, and it is our opinion that a sound flogging, administered by a superior and lawful power every morning before breakfast, would do you good. A man who makes a practice of swearing in his family circle must be essentially a brute, and should have the "animal" *thrashed* out of him, if it cannot be exorcised by other means.

Country Girl.—If you wish a gentleman, to whom you have been recently introduced, to call on you, it is proper to give him an invitation to that effect. And if a gentleman calls whom you do not wish to have repeat the visit, it is proper not to invite him to call again. A lady is to be governed solely by her own wishes in all such matters; she should be careful, however, not to exhibit an indelicate anxiety to have gentlemen call on her, nor an unwomanly rudeness in repelling them.

R. V. H.—The page of print which you sent us, and which struck you as being so mysterious, is called phonotypy, and is produced by printing with an alphabet that has a distinct type or letter for each and every elementary sound in the language. The advocates of phonotypy claim very great advantages for it over the present alphabet and orthography, but the public have not been able to obtain a "realizing sense" of said advantages.

Canastota.—The comet could not avoid having a curve in its tail, unless said appendage were of solid, unbendable substance. The tail being of yielding material takes a shape which the movement of the comet in an orbit would naturally give it. And besides, the seeming curvature of the sky would make the tail of the comet look curved to the naked eye, even though it were in fact straight.

The Panther Problem.—This problem, published in the Ledger of October 9th, and which is as follows: "A hunter discovered and shot a panther in the crotch of a tree, forty feet from the ground, he being thirty feet from the base of the tree; how far was he from the panther when he fired?" has been solved by a great number of Ledger boys, one of whom says he is but eight years old. The answer is, 50 feet.

Helen.—When you ask us whether or not you will ever make a writer, you ask us too much. We could not answer you with any degree of certainty, even though we should read much more of your composition than you sent us. There is no telling what determination and industry might accomplish.

A. H. F.—You must wait for time to heal the troubles you mention. If the young lady who is the object of your affections is what you say she is, your mother will become reconciled to her, unless, by wearisome argument or other want of tact, you confirm her in her dislike to the young lady.

I. von H.—We know of no practical business you could engage in during your leisure hours. You probably could not make envelopes so as to compete with those who manufacture them on a large scale. Why not resign your office as postmaster and go into business vigorously?

Passamaquoddy.—As we know nothing of your antecedents, of your wealth or of your capacity, we cannot say whether it would be best for you to stay where you are or "go west." On general principles, we should say you had better stay where you are.

Mexico.—If you can show an honorable discharge from the United States Army, you cannot be compelled to do military (militia) duty, or pay any of the fines or fees by which decent people are so intolerably infested.

Doctor.—If you can prove your bill you can collect it, if the debtor has property enough, over and above what is exempt by law from execution, to satisfy the debt. You are on exactly the same footing as other creditors.

P. H.—The exquisite verses entitled "The Hour of Death," which we published in the Ledger of Oct. 9th, are by Mrs. Hemans. The initials L. H., should have been F. H., the proof-reader being responsible for the blunder.

A Subscriber.—It would not be imprudent for a young man of twenty-one, who is doing well, to enter into an engagement with a young lady of twenty years old, the marriage to be deferred a couple of years.

M. H.—No. We will not republish "the great moon hoax" in the Ledger to accommodate or gratify anybody, or any ten thousand bodies.

Country Maggie.—It would not be proper for a girl to ask a young man to write to her, unless he were her acknowledged lover.

H.—We do not remember of your having asked us any question. You should have repeated it in your present letter.

Farmingdale.—We do not think there are any circumstances which would justify the telling of a lie.

An Augusta Subscriber.—We do not keep on hand or furnish bound volumes of the Ledger.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*